JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 21, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1788

AIR RAIDS! £1,200 CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

HITLER'S LAST THROW by A.G.G.

EVERY BRITON A SOLDIER by the Editor

Spotlight on Service
'SERVICE' is the privilege of all those who, with stout hearts and smiling faces, have joined the ranks of the A.T.S. In maintaining a high standard of efficiency they take immense pride in their work, their responsibilities and their personal appearance. They appreciate the importance of mouth hygiene . . . which serves as a reminder . . . Do you, too, use KOLYNOS, the protective, cleansing and refreshing tooth paste which is rendering such an essential service to the health of the nation?
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6D per tube
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KOLYNOS
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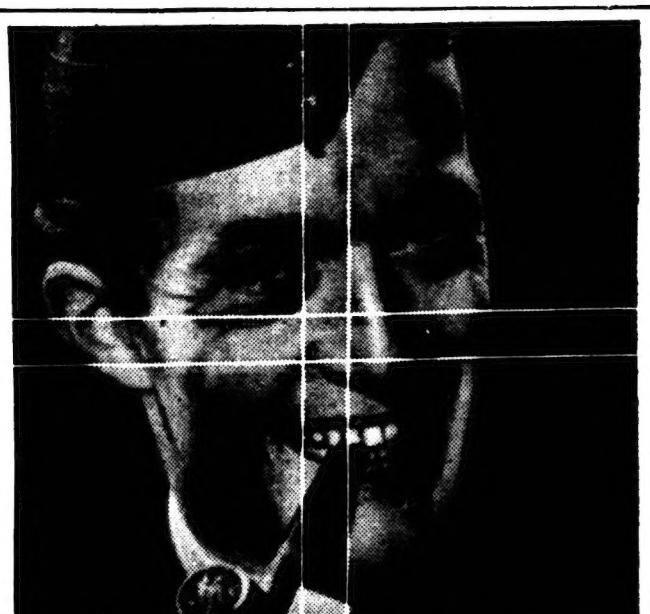

No flies on this flier!

No *Sir!* In my job you can't afford to take chances. Not with tobacco, I mean. After one pipeful of some tobaccos I wouldn't trust myself to fly a kite straight let alone a plane. Too heady, I suppose . . . gets you in a flat spin before you can say 'riddle my rudder-bar.' But Four Square . . . that's different! Ask any of the chaps in the Mess and they'll tell you the same. Four Square's a *real* smoke. Good, honest tobacco leaf with none of your tricky artificial flavouring! So take my advice. Next time you're dropping in on your tobacconist, ask for a tin of Four Square. There's nothing like it for keeping your head above the clouds.

FOUR SQUARE

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also Four Square Cigarettes — 1/6 for 20

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RETURNED EMPTIES To conserve metal supplies, Four Square smokers will be doing a National Service in returning empty tins to their tobacconist.

YOU WANT HELP

In difficult times like these Fatherly advice and Guidance is **REAL HELP**

I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS OF OTHERS

. . . and when I say thousands, I do not exaggerate, as I can produce well over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from grateful students who through our postal training have achieved their life's ambition.

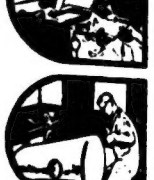
During the last war many people learned how to write short stories, etc., to-day a number of them are world-famed authors.

By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or if your career is undecided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever. It is our pleasure to help. We never take students for courses unless we feel satisfied they are suitable. Do not forget that success is not the prerogative of the brilliant. Our experience of over 30 years proves that the will *to succeed* achieves more than outstanding brilliancy.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER



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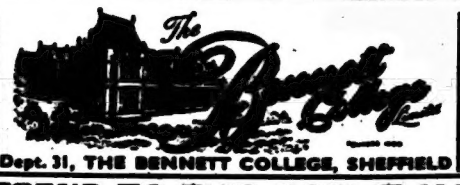

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DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
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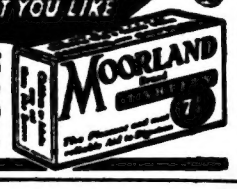


ALL CHEMISTS 7½ & 1/3

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 21, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

DON'T LEAVE IT TO CHARITY

VICTIMS of Hitler's murder gang must have read with acute dismay two recent appeals to the charitable.

The Lord Mayor of London seeks money to relieve the acute distress caused by aerial bombardment.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald wants kind-hearted people to take air raid refugees into their homes for a time.

Good luck to both appeals, we say.

Yet we bow our heads at the thought that they should be considered necessary.

A Wicked Business

Many years have passed since Kipling wrote his only really silly rhyme—appealing to people to put pennies in hats for the Boer War troops.

Since then, millions of people who have used swear words or broken public-house glasses have been asked to put coins in boxes.

We have always thought it detestable.

We have always thought it wicked that such needs should be left to private charity.

Bitter Laughter

There was silence in a tiny room of a huge mansion near London when MacDonald's appeal for accommodation for air raid refugees was first heard.

Then a roar of laughter—bitter laughter, not the happy sort.

Let us explain why.

Housed in Comfort

That mansion, among the biggest round London, and with tremendous grounds, was built by an employer for his staff.

Early one morning a captain of Fusiliers called, said he had 250 men outside, cold and stranded.

"Could they be put up?"

Just to show you how big the place is, they were put up in comfort.

The owners wouldn't mind putting up two hundred and fifty soldiers for the duration. They'd still have a little room left.

Going to Waste

That building has been seized for twelve young officers of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps—just for them to eat in. They don't even sleep there.

Not a room remains for troops who might pass by. It is a wonderful home for air raid refugees, going to waste—and the owners would like them to have it.

That's why people in the one tiny room of that mansion that hasn't been seized laughed bitterly when they heard Mr. MacDonald's appeal.

They're All Empty

Within a mile of that mansion are hundreds of empty houses—built just before the war broke out.

There are no buyers now.

There are thousands such houses round London.

There are scores of thousands in Greater London.

There are hundreds of thousands of safe homes—as safe as they can be expected to be in war time—up and down this country.

All empty.

Not by the Charitable

Then there's the Lord Mayor's appeal "for the relief of acute distress caused by aerial bombardment."

It is for the State to give that relief—and on an adequate scale.

The State, quite rightly, decides where aerodromes, ammunition dumps, camps, munition factories shall go.

The private citizen has no say in it, which is quite right again.

But when the helpless citizen finds his house and furniture blown sky-high, his losses should be made good by the State, not by the pennies of the charitable.

It Should be Generous

We know all about the Government scheme to help the owners of houses damaged by aerial bombardment—most of whom, be it remembered, are the little men of the land.

We believe Mr. Churchill intended that scheme to be really generous.

See how it is working out.

Only After the War

Payment is to be made *after* the war, which perhaps can't be helped. **Not till then will it be known what proportion of the loss will be met by the State.**

But at least the losses should be recorded fairly.

We find that Government valuers are assessing them at grotesquely small figures.

Give Us Real Values

These valuers calculate the cost of materials and labour at the price that prevailed eighteen months ago.

Prices have risen since.

We know instances where builders have given the Government estimates of £200 for the repair of houses and the valuers have written down the figure to £100.

Give us real values—not fictitious ones!

Must Stand Together

Above all, give us the established principle that as we all stand together against Hitler so shall we share together all the material losses that result.

The man whose house is buried away in the country where he hardly ever hears a siren should pay his fair share of the damage to a dockside home blown sky-high.

It can't be a fair share while the dockside owner is paid on the basis of half the real damage —or doled help out of a charity hat.

BRIGHT SPOTS

● **"Leaf" used by R.A.F. to destroy Nazi munitions hidden in woods is only one of the new inventions at our disposal. Goering particularly dreads a new British bomb said to be capable of destroying a medium-sized factory.**

● *British long-distance bombers are expected to reach two-to-one superiority over the "Luftwaffe" this winter; announcement may be made shortly.*

● Despite mass-murder raids on London, R.A.F. damage to Germany is eight times heavier. We've dropped five times as many tons of bombs as *Luftwaffe.*

● *Incendiaries that fall on London are half the size of the R.A.F. "burners"; many do not contain thermite.*

● **Nazis demand half France's harvest because of Colorado beetle and foot-and-mouth ravages in Austria and Eastern Germany.**

● Rising revolt in Czechoslovakia and Vienna; another headache for Himmler!

● **Many ace pilots of crack Nazi squadrons have been killed over Britain. Among them is Lt.-Col. Schumaker, leader of the "circus" playing the same part in this war as Richtofen's did in the last war.**

● *Many Germans cross into Switzerland each night to sleep without fear of British bombs.*

● *Gestapo has carried out mass arrests of Italian naval officers and men who mutinied rather than face the British Fleet.*

● **Haile Selassie is about to return the blow dealt his country by Mussolini in 1935. Well-known British strategists are attached to his suite.**

"JOHN BULL'S" AID FOR AIR RAID VICTIMS

£1,200 CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

A £200 Policy—underwritten at LLOYD'S—
for every reader against

AIR RAIDS • BOMBARDMENT • INVASION

SEE PAGE 8

Why Nazis Bombed London Hospitals; Dilemma of Firemen left without Water; Government Must Face Problem of Draining Small Air Raid Shelters; Sentry Who is Too Deaf to Hear Answer to Challenge; Farmers Indict Landlords for Greediness

(Continued from previous page)

REASON for savage bombing of London hospitals has become known to the Government. Underground war dumps have been built under many German hospitals.

Nazis apparently believe that we have stooped to the same filthy subterfuge.

Although British roads, docks and railways are legitimate objectives, reckless bombing of residential districts is part of a deliberate attempt to weaken morale.

New rumour campaign, spread by Nazi agents here, will follow.

Waterlogged Soon

Probably a quarter of a million Anderson shelters will be waterlogged this winter unless Whitehall issues instructions (not advice) to lazy councils.

Some local authorities have already set squads to work on draining and drying the shelters.

Most have done nothing.

Not a Drop to Pump

Some of the Government's wisest plans are being upset by local ninnies. State grants helped to create a strong A.F.S. force in an Essex coastal district, but the firemen are hampered by lack of water.

They want more water to be let into the dykes. Catchment Board won't allow this unless the local council offers payment. And the council won't allow that.

So there are plenty of firemen, plenty of pumps—and no water.

Missing Sentinels

Sometimes a State Department itself neglects obvious precautions.

Vital new Royal Ordnance factory, nearly completed, is guarded by a few gatemen with no means of communication with each other.

Anyone with a plausible tale could wander at will into a building where important plans are housed.

Busy Imagination

More vigilance is shown by the public. Several Fifth Columnist window-flashers have been arrested through information supplied by householders.

Police will welcome your help as long as you make reasonably sure that you are not letting your imagination make a fool of yourself and them.

Funniest example of over-worked imagination caused policemen to visit a Liverpool reader.

Someone informed them that he had seen a German helmet in a window with queer writings on it. Maybe for Nazi bombers to read as they came over at night?

"Helmet" was a semicircle of paper; "message" was a note to the window cleaner.

Writing on the Wall

Look out for messages on walls now that place-names have been erased.

Close to a railway station written in big chalk letters, are inscriptions giving the name of a small industrial town near London.

They might be the work of children.

They might not.

Increasing Rents

Farmers complain that new fixed prices for crops will not meet the wage increase for their workers. There is talk of ca'canny by farmers in some districts.

Obviously, that can't be allowed while food production is an essential factor in Britain's war production.

Minister of Agriculture should investigate the farmers' grievances, one of which is that landlords are increasing rents, thus grabbing a big share of State subsidies.

Problem for Medicos

How fit must a man be to prove a good soldier? New variant of this old problem is being raised by medical authorities now concerned about the enlistment of men likely to become tubercular or neurasthenic.

Australia is dealing with the first group by X-raying all soldiers, sailors and airmen, thousands of whom have been found unfit and discharged.

Second group is more difficult to diagnose, because of the possibility of malingering.

Doctors are shrewdly making fun of Army medicos for spending money on hospital treatment for homesick neurotics, who could quickly be cured at home and will never become good soldiers, anyhow.

The Mystery Man

All is not yet right with the system. Trouble still concerns provincial medical boards controlled by the Ministry of Labour.

Man with a fourteen-year history of nervous debility, rejected for the A.F.S., has been passed Grade I for military service.

So was a man with poor vision and hearing who, drafted into the Army a few months ago, has been examined by two medical boards and is merely scrubbing floors while waiting a decision.

In civil life he is a tool-setter, and would surely be more useful in that capacity.

Deaf Sentries

Two more instances: lad who volunteered in 1939 was rejected. When he reached the age of twenty was examined again and passed into Grade III because of visual defects.

Now he has been put into the first grade; yet he can't see the target at rifle practice, cannot even obtain glasses.

Man who managed to conceal his deafness when enlisting has been found out, regraded into Group III, but is still kept on sentry-go!

Well, What About Them!

While recognising the Army's difficulties, JOHN BULL meekly suggests that these unfit men might be replaced by the healthy lads who have not yet been called up although registered last October.

Curing "Shell-Shock"

Although officialdom has clamped down on all news about treating men suffering from shell-shock after the evacuation from Dunkirk, medical reports show that sanity has been restored in many instances by a full diet and sleep induced by the injection of barbituartes and other sedatives into the muscles at four-hourly intervals.

Many other sufferers have been hypnotised to relieve their racked brains of "suppressed, unconscious thoughts."

Forgotten Battalion

When the present crisis eases, the War Office should also order leave for men stationed in the Orkneys.

Some have been without leave for twelve months.

At 25s. a Day!

Many people are satisfied with officialdom's methods.

One is a Yorkshire road contractor, who hired out a motor-van to the A.R.P. service from war's outbreak until the end of July at 12s. 6d. a day.

The Army has now taken it over at 25s. a day.

Adolf Angry Again

These trifles pale into insignificance when set against the general military scene. And that still looks good.

Neutral reports of the strength of the "steel and concrete line" round our coast are said to have driven Hitler into a fresh fit of rage.

What is certain, according to neutrals in Berlin, is that something like alarm has spread among the Nazi chiefs at the damage caused by Britain's "secret weapon" — those incendiary cards dropped by our bombers.

Mountain Sparks

Hence Hitler's anger against Switzerland, which he accuses of permitting our bombers to fly across neutral territory.

But his threats do not worry Swiss. Invasion of their country is highly unlikely. Nazi tanks and dive-bombers could not operate amid mountains.

Besides, he depends upon them to keep open what is perhaps the last gap in the British blockade.

A gap through which electricity streams into his frontier towns!

Not Doing It Willingly

This does not mean that Switzerland willingly infringes her strict neutrality.

Explanation is that near the frontier are great power stations, some of them jointly owned by Swiss and German interests, under contract to supply "juice" to German undertakings.

Output of the seven stations ranges from 100,000 down to 49,350 kilowatts.

EVERY BRITON A SOLDIER

GRIMMER, but *still* gay, the people of Britain are meeting the murderous fury of the Nazis with the unconquerable courage that Mr. Churchill expected of them.

Be proud, then, of your British blood. Look round about you and observe that you are surrounded by countless brave men and women—aye, and by countless brave children, too!

We are all soldiers now, and the whole world has been impressed by the fighting spirit of our race.

The Germans and the Italians, even in the midst of their most desperate efforts to destroy us, cannot withhold their reluctant admiration.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By The Editor

One of the principal Nazi newspapers, taking the Premier as typical of the British people, has warned its readers "not to underestimate the desperate energy of this robust and dauntless man."

Italy has paid us tributes no less remarkable, and Japan, watching us closely in these days of fierce ordeal, has come to the conclusion that Hitler can neither break our spirit with his bombs nor hope for success if he should attempt invasion.

Soviet Russia, coldly studying the rival air communiqués, considers that Germany has totally failed to gain the mastery of the air.

And the United States, together with all that is left of the neutral world, hold us in higher esteem than ever before. For they see that "we can take it," and they have a growing faith in our ultimate victory.

Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem which began: "Let us now praise famous men."

We wish that a greater poet might be inspired to-day to write the epic of the men and women who are not famous, but who will be famed by future historians for their decisive contribution to the cause of Freedom.

London came into "the front line" long after the provinces had been under heavy fire.

"John Bull" can pay the people of London no higher tribute than to assert that they have lived up to the proud record of their fellow countrymen in every other "action station" of the Battle of Britain.

Our reporters, who have visited all the heavily bombed areas in the country, always come back to the office with new stories of the magnificent coolness and courage and wry good humour of ordinary folk.

AS for the men and women in the various A.R.P. services, there are no words adequate to express our admiration.

Many of the "unknown warriors" are volunteers. For more than twelve months they "carried on," not only without much thanks, but often under a harassing fire of criticism and even ridicule.

They had the "guts" to persevere.

They did their tedious, routine duty for month after weary month, giving up their spare time for our sakes, making light of long hours and seeking no credit for their sacrifice.

Then, when the bombs began to fall and the murderous onslaught we expected a year ago was at last delivered, they proved themselves soldiers, indeed.

Firemen were as cool in action as they had been steady on parade.

The police, the stretcher-bearers, the ambulance drivers, the demolition squads and every kind and variety of trained worker met the frightful emergency of indiscriminate air attack with the calm and discipline and confidence of seasoned troops.

They had, it is true, a calm and self-disciplined public to deal with, but they set a magnificent example.

And we tell you that a country which can raise so grand an army of civilian volunteers and support it with such dauntless workers *cannot* be defeated.

We have always been proud of our own people and confident that our democracy, with all its faults and in spite of its fumbling leadership in the past, was still producing the "boys of the bulldog breed."

They have got their teeth into this war, and they will never let go until they have worried "Hitlerism" to the death.

When Mr. Churchill warned us the other day that the Nazis were likely to attempt invasion at any time before the end of this month, he spoke with the quiet confidence of a leader who knows that his preparations are complete and adequate.

But he, too, like JOHN BULL, counts as much upon the staunchness of the public as upon the might of our Fighting Services.

HITLER, he said, thought "to break our famous island race by a process of indiscriminate slaughter and destruction."

Instead "he has lighted a fire which will burn with a steady and consuming flame until the last vestiges of Nazi tyranny have been burned out of Europe.

"And, until the Old World and the New can join hands to rebuild the temples of man's freedom and man's honour upon foundations which will not soon or easily be overthrown."

We may have to endure heavier loss of life and greater destruction before that day of liberation and rebuilding dawns.

But we are among the optimists. We believe that Germany's defeat is much nearer than is generally anticipated.

We regard the enemy's present onslaught; his orgy of blind hatred, which is spending itself so largely upon helpless civilians and targets of no military importance, as evidence of his desperation.

He fears the coming winter. He does not trust the morale of his own people under prolonged strain.

And, do what he will, he cannot win a single daylight battle against the Royal Air Force. His losses in these conflicts average three to one in machines and six to one in trained flying men.

"There is no doubt," said the Premier, "that Hitler is using up his fighter force at a very high rate and that, if he goes on for many more weeks, he will wear down and ruin this vital part of his air force."

Britain, on the other hand, is not only maintaining output here, but has the inestimable advantage of the great training schools in Canada, where young men from the Mother Country and the Empire are learning to fly and to fight with all the valour and efficiency of the incomparable airmen now in action.

The enemy's night bombers have been, and remain, the chief problem of Britain's air defence, but, sooner or later, we shall solve this problem, too.

Already we have developed an anti-aircraft barrage more formidable than has ever been known before. It cannot keep out every raider, but it does, in fact, break up and divert large formations.

Ultimately we are confident we shall make the skies too hot for these assassins who fly by night, and, as we continue to receive reinforcements from the New World, the time must come when we shall establish that mastery of the air which Hitler now seeks in vain.

And when we have established that mastery, then shall we drive back the murdering Luftwaffe to its damaged bases and strike it out of existence, even as our bomber crews are now striking down the sources of its production.

On that day we shall indeed be within sight of victory, and our Fighting Services will then show the civilians that their courage and fortitude have not been in vain. A steady, sweeping tide of fire and steel, they will in very truth burn out the last vestiges of Nazi tyranny in Europe.

Meanwhile, our sole duty is to "carry on" with the same courage and cheerfulness that have already so much impressed the outside world.

For we have a great and goodly heritage, and we fight, not for ourselves alone, but for all that makes life worth living in the estimation of free men and women the world over.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Your Own Helper

CONSIDERING that we are all pretty much like each other in the majority of ways, it is strange how utterly unlike we really are!

This sounds a bit mysterious, but it isn't. All it means is that if you take a dozen people at random and show them the same occurrence, or draw their attention to the same set of facts, it's any odds that you'll get about a dozen different reactions from them.

They may be alike. They won't behave alike.

That's because behaviour—our reaction to events—is so dependent on our point of view. And, in its turn, our point of view is so dependent on our mental background.

Few of us think alike. Few of us, therefore, behave alike.

Well, it's vitally important in these days that, along certain lines, we should all think and behave alike.

We should, for instance, all maintain calm and balance and poise, as far as it is possible for us to do so.

We should all shun any faint whisperings of unreasoning fear, let alone any even tiny hints of panic.

We should all face both present and future with steadiness and undimmed faith.

Can it be done? Of course it can—if we have the right point of view, the right outlook on what is happening.

If we think right, we shall behave right.

That right thinking leads to right behaviour is one of the most rigid axioms of life.

Take the sound that now dominates millions of minds—the shriek of the sirens. What do you do when you hear them?

Do you say "Oo-er! the Germans are coming," or do you say, "There go our defences into action. I'm sorry for any Germans that try to get through"?

These are two quite different points of view. But your peace of mind or otherwise depends entirely on which one you adopt.

It's up to you. You've got to be your own helper.

In nearly every case it is possible to adopt a point of view that helps—or one that does the very opposite.

Practise dwelling on the cheerful and helpful ones. You'll be surprised what a difference it makes to you.

Britain in Battledress

Blimey, They Were Grand!

TWO HOURS IN LONDON'S BOMBARDED EAST END PROVIDE YOU WITH MORE GLORIOUS CHAPTERS OF HEROISM THAN YOU COULD FIND IN MOST SAGAS OF BRITAIN'S CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

By MAURICE FAGENCE

I HAVE just spent two hours in London's East End. In case you don't know London, that's where the bulk of her poorest people live.

Two hours!

I might have lived through fifty years of some of our most glorious chapters in history yet come across less heroism.

And that is all you will get by way of introduction to the story I have to tell you.

I begrudge the words to tell you anything that's not in my note-book.

* * *

There's Mrs. Halliday.

She was buried in her cellar. They prodded the ruins with a cane until a tug on the cane told them it had reached her.

Then they cut the inner tube of a bicycle and pushed one end down to her.

"We're sending you some milk," they shouted, thinking that a seventy-six-year-old woman would like nothing better.

"Make it beer," said a faint voice.

When a local publican had rolled out the barrel, a somewhat stronger voice said: **"What about cheese and biscuits to make a meal of it?"**

Two minutes' work by a Canadian soldier with a crowbar, and she had her cheese and biscuits.

An ex-soldier stood in the ruins of his home.

He had made the last payment to the building society on September 3. The house was his at last.

He looked round at the pile of rubble. Somebody sympathised.

"Aw, what does it matter?" he said. "Property's nothing. You can repair property."

You couldn't have repaired *that* property, which he had been paying for for twenty years.

But there's none so blind as those who prefer not to see.

None so wonderful, either.

This may not sound so wonderful, until you think it over.

At least fifty of the mothers-to-be in the maternity home that was hit said to their nurses: *"I don't care, as long as baby is all right."*

Perhaps most mothers-to-be speak that way.

But it doesn't make it less heroic.

This may not sound so remarkable either. A father with a leg cruelly injured carried his daughter to a rescue squad.

There was blood on her face.

"If you don't take my daddy, you don't take me," she said.

THE woman of seventy-odd, a typical George Belcher character, who went to a first-aid post with a broken arm.

"What's the fuss?" she kept asking in unladylike language. "What the hell's the fuss?"

"Broken arms are broken arms," said a St John Ambulance worker.

You know 'em. They consider their pocket-money wasted unless they spend it on bandages for other people.

"Don't talk wet," said this unladylike person. "I've been through three wars, and this isn't going to get me down."

I still prefer to call her a lady!

Let us move to Central London.

A man who lets out coster-barrows to costermongers heard what was happening in London's East End.

"Who'll help me to push all my barrows down there?" he asked. "Blimey, I don't care if I don't get one back."

He found all the volunteers he wanted.

They set out—like those battered old tubs that sailed for Dunkirk.

It was two days before they got back. And what work they did in the meantime I can leave you to guess.

There was something of that Dunkirk spirit in London's East End.

HUNDREDS of soldiers spending treasured days of leave in London set out for the East End when they knew what was happening there.

They helped with the work of rescue through days and nights, nights and days.

I spoke to one who had overstayed his leave by thirty hours. He had helped to save scores.

I told him I'd write to his commanding officer to explain why he was overdue.

"No," he said reflectively. "I don't think I'd mention it. I don't want anybody to think I'm swanking. And I can do seven days confined to barracks on my blasted head."

I reserve the right to tone down swear-words as I think fit.

Colonial and Dominion soldiers in particular were touched by the plight of women and children.

They were thinking of their own wives and youngsters.

"He's going to be paid back," they said.

I'll leave you to guess who "he" is.

I went into a pub.

"How much money yer got, mate?" they asked as soon as I got in.

They wanted money for refugees pouring into the school opposite.

That went on in scores of pubs.

Many a man went in with the price of three pints and found it would only buy half a pint—and the comfortable feeling of having done something decent.

Landlords lost custom, yet handed over pound notes to make their losses more real.

A grocer stood in the wreckage of his shop.

He went on serving as if nothing had happened.

"It goes down on the account," he said to each customer.

The wonderful old liar. There were no accounts. They had been destroyed. Nor was he trying to remember.

He was giving everything away.

I could tell you scores of stories about the heroism of the A.R.P. people.

There's so much more in my note-book, but I must turn from it for a moment.

I have a young JOHN BULL colleague, under military age, who spends his nights doing unpaid A.R.P. work in London's East End and many hours of his days on the office roof looking for Huns.

And *he has a note-book.*

Without wasting a word, I'll tell you about some of the things in it.

He heard firemen, rushed to first-aid posts with burns and smoked eyes, complaining about the time taken in treating them.

It wasn't that they sought quicker alleviation of their pain.

They wanted to get back to the job of fighting the fire as quickly as they could.

This young colleague saw a young man sitting in agony with severe head wounds, protesting that he was "all right" until the last woman and child had been attended.

Then he fainted with pain.

He was ten times worse injured than anybody there—yet "I'm all right" was his refrain.

ANOTHER note tells how a District Warden stood on a chicken hutch to see how the occupants of the Anderson shelters in a row of wrecked gardens were faring.

From a badly damaged shelter came a voice: "Nah, then. Nah, then. Lay off them there chickens, mate. I want to sell them when this packet's finished."

He mentions the bravery of women ambulance drivers.

"Even when bombs dropped they wanted to use their lipsticks," he observed.

The same note-book tells how people rescued from bombed buildings were removed to refugee centres that were being bombed preparatory to being taken away in cars and lorries that were being bombed.

In the face of Nazi terror, these Cockneys, seen telling the Queen about their experiences in the worst of the air raids on London, showed that their real pearls were in their hearts and not on their jackets. They can take it, blimey they can!

They kept on singing, "There'll always be an England."

The note adds:

The spirit I observed in all these people was the spirit I have always noticed in them when they are going to Hampstead Heath for Bank Holiday.

This colleague saw hundreds of young men arrive and offer themselves for any jobs that might be going.

You know, young men with well-greased hair and dapper suits. The sort of young men to whom silly women gave white feathers in the last war.

They were put to lifting heavy stones and huge beams from wrecked buildings.

RIGHT through the night those young men toiled, till their well-groomed hair was tousled and white with dust, their dapper suits torn, their hands bleeding, their muscles—in many instances unused to such heavy toil—pleading for the rest that their stout hearts refused to confer.

Even when bombs rained round them they refused to give in.

Then there was the young lorry driver who had been working in the danger area for twenty hours, but was at last ordered to a point far outside London.

"Have a heart, mate," he pleaded. "I mightn't get a chance of getting back."

Much in my own and my colleague's note-books will have to go unprinted. Volumes could be told of the heroism of the people of the mean streets of London's East End.

But you know 'em.

You may have seen them only occasionally on a visit to London. You may have served with them in the last war.

You may have criticised them at times, as I criticised the Cockneys when I first came to live among them—until I realised that their real pearls were in their hearts and not on their jackets.

I wish you could have seen them when Hitler tried to smash their spirit in three days.

Blimey, they were *great!*

OPEN LETTERS

HERMANN HAS SUCH A SORE HEAD : FISH-AND-CHIP PUZZLE FOR THE FOOD MINISTER : YET ANOTHER SIGN OF RAILWAYS' GREED : SOCIETY FOSSILS GRAB SOFT JOBS IN A.T.S. RANKS

★

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

MY LORD,—You deserve full marks for the way you have provided meals and food supplies in the badly bombed areas. A fine example of prompt efficiency.

When you have an hour to spare for less pressing affairs, please give aid also to the fish-and-chip traders who are facing ruin.

They are paying 18s. a stone for fish that cost 3s. 6d. a stone before the war, and I can't believe that all this difference is enriching our fishermen.—JOHN BULL.

Lord STAMP,
President of the Executive, L.M.S.

MY LORD,—Never has the railways' greed and plunder been more impudently flaunted than in your company's demands upon Lancashire's A.R.P. chief.

The siren on the L.M.S. works at Horwich is used to give public warnings. No suggestion had been made in any form that a charge would be made—until a few days ago.

Then your chief engineer coolly sent in a bill for £10 a week from September 1, 1939, onwards!

Yet this preposterous claim should surprise no one. It is but a minor example of the hold-the-public-to-ransom policy that the railways have pursued for years.

We all remember their disregard of public needs until road competition forced them to improve services.

They whined for a "square deal."

Having got it, plus a Government war guarantee of fair profits, they proceeded to profiteer on refreshments served to tired troops, and to raise fares.

And now they are determined to drive fares still higher.

While demanding sacrifices by the little wage-earner, they will not reduce either the number or the fees of their legions of directors.

You receive a nominal salary of £15,000 a year for your part-time work, though no one knows the actual amount.

I cannot believe that you wish a small part of it to be met by an exorbitant charge for an air raid siren!—JOHN BULL.

The SEA LORDS,
Admiralty

MY LORDS,—Stand on a cliff top in thin clothes for six hours during bad weather.

Do this every day and you'll realise that the job of the auxiliary coastguards is a damned cold one.

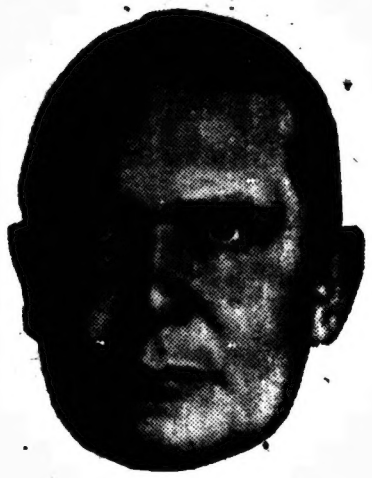
Then, maybe, you'll supply them with the "British warm" overcoats that they cannot afford to buy from their wages of 50s. or so a week.—JOHN BULL.

Dame HELEN GWYNNE-VAUGHAN,
Commandant, A.T.S.

MADAM,—I see no sign that you propose to dismiss the inefficient Society fossils who have grabbed high positions in your organisation.

I am not satisfied that arrangements for the lower ranks are above reproach, judging by a complaint to me that 2½ pints of milk a day have to be shared among the ten women who spend long hours at the Southern Command H.Q. switchboard.—JOHN BULL.

Field-Marshal HERMANN GOERING,
Chief Murderer of the Reich



GANGSTER,—We can take it. But can you?

While your young hotheads are haphazardly bombing hospitals, poor little houses and churches of London, our pilots are coolly and systematically destroying the airfields, war factories, railways and docks of Germany and its conquered countries.

Our people are determined, despite their grievous losses. Are yours?

I believe that you must be a very worried man. Despite your bluster and bluff, despite your contempt for the common people, your arrogance and cruelty, you must fear that they will crack under the strain of nightly R.A.F. raids.

You have an even more urgent anxiety. The air force of whose size and ruthlessness you have so often boasted has proved no match for the R.A.F.

Your production of machines cannot be increased. The R.A.F., already exceeding your own, will become greater every week.

And already, as your hated enemy, Mr. Churchill, has revealed, we are nearing parity with your Luftwaffe.

Every night, when you direct the operations against Britain, you must hope that your terror tactics will succeed before your industries are completely smashed and their workers driven to revolt.

But, for the first time in Nazi history, Terror has failed. In your heart, you know that never again will it succeed and that your career of debauchery and persecution is nearing its end.

The ordinary people of this country, the people you despise, the people you hope to mutilate and crush, prove themselves your master by standing firm.

And the end is certain.

The industries you have created will crash into ruins, the air force with which you have sown death throughout Europe will itself be destroyed, and you will become but a miserable memory.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALDRON SMITHERS, M.P.,
Knockholt, Kent

DEAR SIR,—Keep hammering away at Mr. Eden for his refusal to hold an enquiry into the allegations of Major Evans, Major Kellett and Mr. Carr.

Their witnesses have not been examined on oath. Their charges about Army contracts have been contemptuously dismissed as "frivolous."

You have had a mass of correspondence, from all parts of the country, alleging "waste, extravagance and even worse things." So have I.

This may not be the time to uncover sores. Yet we must have an assurance that, when the emergency passes, nothing will remain uncovered.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,
Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—No one disputes that the civil defence services have functioned magnificently during the recent weeks of strain. The public is proud of them.

But they are not yet incapable of improvement.

You order gas curtains to be provided at public shelters. But what of the many areas where the people are short of gas masks?

In at least one vulnerable area, steel helmets and respirators have been withdrawn from members of the A.R.P. casualty service; resignations have resulted.

You must ask yourself, also, why A.F.S. detachments in quiet areas are made to work twenty-hour shifts—a strain that cannot improve their efficiency.

It is your duty to see that evacuation from badly bombed areas is carried on far more promptly. Overrule any authority that tries to place obstacles in your way!

One of the most horrifying episodes of the war is the East End muddle that sacrificed many lives.

For three days homeless women and children waited vainly for coaches to take them to safety. Then a bomb crashed into the school where they sheltered.

The public demands that this scandal shall never be repeated.—JOHN BULL.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER,
London Transport

DEAR SIR,—To meet the emergency, your arrangements must be improved.

There may be needless casualties unless you prevent women being forced by the pressure of the crowd behind them into Tube trains already packed to danger point.

Draft extra staff to the stations most seriously affected—even a few porters with megaphones could relieve an ugly situation.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL, M.P.,
Seaham, Durham

DEAR SIR,—Next time you tell Parliament that skilled labour is not fully utilised in our war effort, remember these two examples from my postbag this week.

A tinsmith has been discharged from a naval munitions depot on reaching the age of sixty. He has been replaced by a man of twenty-one, and is now a bank doorkeeper.

His long experience of repairing and modifying munition cases counts for nothing; the Ministry of Labour cannot find him a skilled job.

A great Clydeside shipyard does not allow its employees to start work in the morning if transport difficulties make them a little late.

What a waste of time and skill!

These two instances are typical of many. Let me know if you want any more!—JOHN BULL.

KENT COUNTY COUNCIL,

GENTLEMEN,—Constant air raids make it imperative for you to devise at once a better system of paying grants to the blind.

These luckless people, many of them with children, have had to wait as long as two or three hours in pouring rain outside the Poor Law offices.

For mercy's sake, be a little more humane!—JOHN BULL.

"THE SOUL'S SOUVENIRS"

WHEN we went to our first air raid shelter we felt that the worst might prevail, we thought of Death and Destruction and hoped our hearts would not fail. We thought of panic-contagion, of some strange unnamed dread, but when the raid was over our Souls Lived and all Fear was Dead.

WE found this had actually happened, that plain courage had crushed out defeat, not only with calm sort of people but with the frail ones of Life's Street. We found that the Greatest Danger does not crush and disorganise but that the mind escapes above it all and allows the Soul to rise.

WE found that instead of losing we'd really gained a good deal, we discovered the good that is hidden, those depths which folk often conceal. And when the War is all over we'll all have our Soul's Souvenirs of Hope, and Faith, and Courage, to shine through our smiles and tears.

AND so when we go to our shelters and take our place with the rest, let us look for those souvenirs which have been forged in The Test—of Simple Human Endurance and the Mighty Power of Prayer, how else could we survive the things Life calls on us all to bear?

AND so when we find bits of shrapnel, spent shells and the jetsam of War, when we put them in our collections and then go searching for more; let all of us remember there's nothing worth quite so much as the Shining Mementoes of the Soul, rough-edged with the Human Touch. J. M.

Why Hitler Is Angry—II.

TRANSPORT BOMBED TO CHAOS

By HARRY GREGSON

A "John Bull" artist shows you the main arteries of Germany's transport system that has been so ruthlessly bombed by R.A.F. raiders; helps you to realise why persistent attacks have done much to throw the Nazi war machine out of gear.

HITLER began this war with the finest possible system of roads, railways and canals that any State could have for aggressive military purposes.

After smashing Germany's oil refineries, the R.A.F. bombers obviously had to ruin this intricate system of communications.

They set about their task flying in all weathers and surmounting the most intense anti-aircraft gun barrages for three months.

Great motor roads, pride of the Nazis, with their shining concrete surfaces, were infallible guides to British bomber pilots.

In north central Germany, they had the motor road Berlin-Magdeburg-Brunswick-Hanover.

To guide them through the Ruhr they have the road that starts soon after Cologne's Dom Cathedral is sighted and continues to Essen and Bonn.

The Kassel - Frankfurt - Darmstadt - Stutgart-Ulm-Augsburg-Munich Autobahn led them from east central Germany to the Rhine Valley nearly to Hitler's Berchtesgaden retreat.

When Hitler's motor roads failed as guides R.A.F. pilots used the German railways.

The main lines, shown on most maps, are Hamburg-Bremen-Osnabruck-Ruhr and Berlin-Hanover-Munden-Bielsfeld-Hamm-Ruhr.

They serve the east from Germany's great manufacturing districts, where Krupps, the German United Steelworks Co., and other armament manufacturers have their largest factories in the west.

To the Ruhr from the east comes iron ore in thousands of railway wagons a day.

In the opposite direction railways carry heavy guns, shells, aircraft parts, tanks and other products for the protection of the elongated frontiers of the Third Reich.

Most of this traffic passes through the railway junction of Hamm, largest in Europe, with forty sets of railway tracks, and capable of shunting to different destinations eight thousand railway wagons a day.

Hamm is Germany's most vitally important junction, but there are others such as Osnabruck, main junction for traffic between Germany and Holland, and Soest, which gives alternative connection with the ports of Bremen and Hamburg, and has big marshalling yards for industrial goods from the Ruhr intended for Leipzig, Berlin and other big towns farther inland.

THERE is another large goods junction at Aachen, near the Belgian frontier, which shunts goods from occupied Belgium and France to Hitler's war factories throughout the lower Rhine Valley.

The importance of marshalling yards at Cologne, Duisberg and other towns, of which we hear so much in R.A.F. communiques, is evident from the map.

Hamm, Soest, Cologne, Aachen and Duisberg are key junctions between the Nazi war industries, mostly grouped in the west, and the rest of the Reich.

To prevent railways cracking under the strain of war, the Nazis enlarged and deepened the canals serving the North German Plain.

Most important of all is the Dortmund-Ems Canal, by which the factories of the Ruhr are linked by water with the rest of the Reich.

Obviously then—if the Nazi motor-roads were bombed, it put extra strain on the railways.

If the railways were then bombed, it would throw extra strain on the canals.

If the canals were finally bombed, the transport system of the Nazi war machine would be disrupted.

The R.A.F. tuned up the engines of its Blenheim, Whitley and Hampden bombers and set to work.

So accustomed are British pilots to locating their appointed targets that Air Ministry communiqués seem mere dull recitals.

"Hamm received its usual visit," explains the pilots' laconic reports, but what damage to the Nazi war machine lies behind those few words?

Hamm has been subject to 50 bombing attacks.

The famous switch-control apparatus, which could sort out 60 wagons and shunt them into appointed sidings in seven minutes, has been repeatedly thrown out of gear.

Tracks and points have been straddled with high explosives, large fires have been started, railway lines destroyed, and on one occasion a bridge over the nearby canal demolished.

Soest, the junction near Hamm, has been attacked 20 times, which may mean anything from 60 to 100 bombing raids.

So severe was an attack lasting one and a half hours on the sidings at Soest, when nine fires were started, that the pilot of a British bomber, arriving for a later attack, decided it was not worth while bombing again.

He flew on to another railway junction to drop his high explosives.

HERE are a few more of our bomber pilots' reports:—

"Goods yards at Aachen, Rheydt and Cologne repeatedly hit. Damage inflicted plainly visible in bright moonlight.

"Many hits registered at Duisberg in main marshalling yard. Series of blue fires started.

"Direct hit with heavy bomb on station. Second bomb hit goods train. Severe explosion followed. Afterwards several minor explosions occurred, lasting 15 minutes. Must have been ammunition in wagons igniting...

"Twenty-one separate fires counted by rear-gunner in Dusseldorf railway yard after attack.... Two goods trains in Soest marshalling yard hit with heavy calibre bombs and yard enveloped in pall black smoke, through which explosions could be seen.... Train in Cologne struck with three heavy bombs. Explosions, accompanied by great clouds of smoke, at once broke out."

Rheine, a junction near Dortmund, has been attacked seven times; Osnabruck, 15 times; Aachen six times; and so on.

IT will take a railwayman to picture the disorganisation caused when multiple points and switching gear, such as those in Germany's huge marshalling yards, are repeatedly thrown out of action.

Then Hitler tried to remedy the chaos in his railway yards by using barges, capable of carrying 23 wagon-loads of goods, on the Dortmund-Ems Canal. Obviously they were transporting munitions.

Already the R.A.F. had photographed this canal, especially a section where it was carried in a stupendous aqueduct (with lead sheathing and clay-lined bottom), across the valley of the River Ems.

Flight-Lieut. R. A. B. Learoyd earned the V.C. through leading R.A.F. bomber formations in a successful attack that destroyed the aqueduct, floodgates and embankment.

Flying through a barrage of anti-aircraft fire, he dropped his bombs on the target.

The aqueduct burst and millions of gallons of water flooded the surrounding countryside.

Canals that depended on the aqueduct for their water level ran dry.

Barges were stranded.

Terrible damage was inflicted on a waterway that carried coal and machinery equivalent to 300 goods trains a day from the Ruhr to Bremen and Hamburg.

The Kiel Canal, vital link between the North Sea and the Ealtic, has also been repeatedly bombed.

AS well as R.A.F. pilots' reports and photographs is neutral evidence in abundance at the damage done.

Even the Nazi economic journal *Deutsche Volkswirt* deplores the "acute dislocation" caused by R.A.F. raids in the Ruhr.

The Nazi chief of the anti-aircraft artillery, General von Schroeder, reports that "the bombing power of the R.A.F. is incredible."

Swedish seamen laugh sarcastically at German reports that no damage has been done to the Kiel Canal.

They see it with their own eyes.

Mr. Otto Tolschuss, formerly Berlin correspondent of the "New York Times," confirms that the Kiel Canal is so terribly damaged that "ships pass only with great delays."

A German engineer, arriving in Constantinople, says:—

"The damage done to the locks and communications is terrific and the population is in a state of nervous tension."

The Berlin weekly newspaper *Das Reich* has just announced: "Every railway truck is vital"; appeals to German industrialists to economise in the use of goods wagons.

And so R.A.F. bombers are crippling the Nazi war machine.

They will teach Hitler to talk about "total air war."

JOHN BULL'S CHEQUES FOR AIR RAID VICTIMS

£1,200 Paid This Week

"THE enemy has now thrown off all pretence of confining himself to military targets. Bombs have been scattered at random . . . without any distinction of objectives."

This is taken from a Ministry of Home Security communiqué issued last week. Unbridled terrorism is the latest form of Nazi attack, striking ruthlessly night after night against civilians.

The record sum of £1,000 which we announced as having been paid last week to dependents of air raid victims has already been exceeded. Up to the time of going to press this week a further £1,200 has been paid.

These payments are made under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance, which has recently been extended to cover the new perils with which we are all confronted.

JOHN BULL now offers free to every reader a £200 policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment, in addition to comprehensive Household Benefits.

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended Free War-time Insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered you cannot afford to delay. Through lack of space due to the strict control of paper it has not been found possible recently to publish the necessary Registration Forms. These may be taken from issues of JOHN BULL before May this year, or if you will put a postcard in the post to-day (revised postage 2d.) addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, the Registration Forms will be dispatched by return.

THE CARIBOU KIDS

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN — 5

Serving with Newfoundland's Overseas Contingent, here are two gunners who are determined to prove to us that ten pounds, invested by Henry VII five hundred years ago, will pay a record dividend. They are introduced

By RICHARD CHARTERIS

IN the doorway of his bathroom at the Overseas League, towelling down, stood Gunner Gerald Ayre.

"Yes, friend," he said, "ten quid was the price paid by Henry VII for the entire bag of tricks—for the whole of Newfoundland. That was close on 450 years ago, five years after Columbus hit on America.

"A cheap deal, but old John Cabot, who discovered us, pocketed the tenner reward—and thought it good payment apparently."

Formerly a bank clerk, twenty-three-year-old Gerald Ayre, of the Newfoundland Overseas Contingent, is now serving with the Royal Artillery.

"We may seem small beer to you," he went on, "but I reckon our little island has won a place in the scheme of things."

His comrade, Willis W. Brady, a twenty-eight-year-old watchmaker, entered, damp-haired, from the opposite doorway.

They were sturdy youngsters, fair and ruddy, clear-eyed, and quick to laugh.

"Gerry's right about our little island," said Brady.

"'Course I'm right," said his pal. "Newfoundland's tied up with some of the greatest events in the past; with those far-off days of adventure and exploration, when the old world began to open like a fan. . . . And with events of to-day, too. With radio and flying putting their twists on the future.

"Why, right through boyhood and youth, we've seen many of the big moves in the growth of aviation.

"Brady remembers cheering his head off when Alcock and Brown took off from the New World in 1919 to blaze the trail, later followed by Lindbergh and others.

"That was from Mount Pearl, just outside St. John's, where we both come from."

"Yes, that's a memory fixture," chimed in Brady. "Didn't I scream when they dropped their wheels into the sea to lighten the load. I thought their ship was falling to pieces.

"And I remember those other air stars, Kingsford-Smith, Chamberlain and Byrd, William Brock, and Amelia Earhart taking off from Harbour Grace in Conception Bay.

"And Balbo, the Italian ace, arriving with his fleet of twenty-seven aircraft. He seemed too good even then to get along with Musso!

"THEN there was the gas-bag, the Hindenberg, and that massive German craft, the D.O.X, with fifty men aboard, landing at Holyrood in the Bay.

"How we have cheered!

"Nobody dreamed what aviation would lead to!"

"I remember some of those things," said Gerry, "but more important I consider that evening when Marconi shot the first radio message across the Atlantic.

These young Newfoundlanders, now serving with the Royal Navy, need little instruction in boat drill. For the song of the sea is always in their ears; the knowledge of things nautical a second nature to them

"He sat in old Cabot's Tower high on the ridge overlooking St. John's harbour.

"When he came out again he'd done something big. But I reckon even he never realised what an entirely different world that successful test was going to create.

"Real history that was!"

"And it's still being made," said Brady, "with the help of our island. Think of the paper pulp churned from the dense spruce forests of Newfoundland to supply much of the world's newsprint.

"Well, radio and the printed word are shaping the future faster than anything else."

"So Newfoundland does play its part, don't you think?" asked Gerry. "And it's a grand land. The beauty tugs at your heart.

"Where can you find its equal?

"Scotsmen say that in the north it surpasses their own Highlands. And that's saying something!"

"Picture a rolling tableland, ringed with rocky ramparts; starred with 'tolts' as the lone rounded hills are called; with great dark forests, beautiful and mysterious, and colourful moss-covered moors.

"It's a land of rocks and rivers, of rapids and waterfalls.

"FEW people seem to know that in Labrador, a dependency of Newfoundland, are the mightiest waterfalls in the world.

"The Grand Falls, on Hamilton River, leap down a sheer three hundred feet. Niagara looks like an 'also ran' to them. Engineers say the falls could supply enough energy to give power and light to the Western Hemisphere.

"Labrador is an untouched land, a mysterious country.

"Although it is four times the size of Scotland, it has only 5,000 inhabitants, virtually all Eskimos. They are a fine race, squat and solid, strong as bears.

"There are no towns, only small community settlements. But Labrador teems with unexploited riches: game, fish, timber and rare minerals.

"The Rangers, similar to the Canadian 'Mounties,' patrol the country. They are a tough, adventurous bunch of fighting men."

"Well, I guess most Newfoundlanders are," said Brady. "We're a queer mixture, English, Irish and Scots, with a lacing of Canucks and Yankees, the sons of hardy fisher-folk who have migrated from Europe — Biscayans, Scandinavians, Frenchmen and Portuguese."

"For a whole year before the war," said Gerry, "I was working at Grand Bank, the centre of the fishing industry. The Banks, prolific with fish, lie on top of a submerged range of mountains, 300 miles long, stretching out into the Atlantic, and they produce some fine characters, typical captains courageous.

"ONE was Captain 'Bob' Bartlett, from Brigus, a townlet on Conception Bay. He was with Peary on that North Pole stunt. A square man and stocky, bred in the true tradition of the teak-like sea-rovers of old, he loves the Arctic, and every year he sets out in his little schooner *The Morrissey* for a four months' jaunt to The Circle, as he calls it.

"I met a skipper whose boat ran into a blasting storm when they were on the Banks fishing ground.

"They weathered it but some of the crew were injured, and the captain himself had both legs broken.

"Yet they would not return with an empty hold.

"Carried on a litter, the skipper directed the treatment of the injured men, had his own legs put in splints and then went back to navigating the vessel.

"After two weeks they returned to port, all wounds on the mend, with a full hold of fish.

"But almost every fisherman at Grand Banks has a story that would thrill the landlubber.

"So have the trappers, miners, and seal-skinners.

"Oh yes, we mine on quite a heavy scale in Newfoundland. There are big deposits, particularly of copper and iron. Our annual export of iron ore is more than nine million tons.

"Unhappily, for two years before the war most of this went to Germany.

"In the last war the military badge of the Newfoundlanders was a caribou. He's a lovely creature, not aggressive like the buffalo. He carries great antlers, and when angered he can charge like the wind.

"Newfoundland was the land of the caribou, but there came a time when he needed Government protection, with the moose and the beaver, to prevent his becoming extinct.

"Now the caribou is increasing.

"I should like to tell you about the superb river and lake fishing, the winter sports, the unforgettable river scenery; of the cod fisheries, of the scenes at Witless Bay, with the countless acres of salted codfish spread out on the Flakes to dry; of the world's centre of the cod-liver oil industry.

"And I'd like to tell you of how England strikes us.

"We've had a right royal welcome, right from the time we were greeted at a Northern port by Mr. Anthony Eden and Mr. Davis, our well-liked Trade Commissioner.

"Britain can count on the Caribous to put all their weight into this job. And we are determined to prove that Newfoundland is worth every penny of the ten pounds that was paid for us by Henry VII."

G-Men Oust "Sab-Cats"

NEVER was a heresy hunt of the Middle Ages pursued with more determination than Americans are now searching for "sab-cats" as they call saboteurs and Fifth Columnists.

All the nation has been talking of the mechanic who poured emery dust in the fine mechanism of a torpedo-making machine; of a dozen other examples of sabotage.

And when the Governors of all States met in Washington recently, President Roosevelt asked them to co-operate with Federal officials in fighting spies, propagandists and saboteurs, whose activities, if unchecked, threaten to endanger a great part of the U.S. Defence programme.

* * *

J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-men, told the governors that his department had investigated 16,856 instances of sabotage since the war began, and had surveyed 270 armaments works.

His speech amazed and horrified his listeners, attracted world-wide attention, and because many U.S. factories are helping Britain such sabotage hits the Allies' war effort.

Nearly a year ago, representatives of the United States Army and Navy Intelligence departments met Hoover to discuss safeguards for factories engaged in making war materials.

It was decided that the Federal Bureau of Investigation should visit hundreds of factories.

Investigators on this secret work soon made amazing revelations.

When a special liquid-cooled aircraft engine, constructed for the U.S. Army, in the greatest secrecy, refused to function, examination showed that metal filings had been dropped in the lubrication system.

This engine had taken two years to develop, and had it not been for the investigation experts might easily have turned it down.

* * *

Foreign agents are clever in choosing workers who, for varying sums of money, will risk imprisonment by acts of sabotage, or by stealing (or photographing) blueprints.

Schools have been started where enemy agents learn "the most terrible means of creating destruction."

Plans were found showing how chemicals could be placed in factory boilers to cause tremendous damage.

"Sab-cats" recently damaged naval vessels by dropping wire, nuts, bolts and metal filings in the engines.

Oil tanks had been emptied.

Commercial vessels carrying supplies to Britain were damaged by cigar-type incendiary bombs.

A cargo-boat travelling from South America, with a cargo of sugar aboard had to make for port hurriedly when three fires started simultaneously in the hold.

* * *

Cranes used for loading armaments and aeroplanes have broken down while their loads were in mid-air.

The G-Men have a tremendous task, but they are fighting the saboteurs as they fought the gangsters a few years ago.

And they will win.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

A.R.P. Catchpennies
★
More "Spitfire" Crooks
★
Xmas Tricksters Begin

ADVERTISEMENTS offering various A.R.P. devices are appearing in increasing numbers. Many of the commodities concerned are of excellent value, but others are based on claims that cannot be substantiated.

Newspapers are trying to exclude advertisements that are not reputable, but sometimes they appear.

If there is the slightest indication that goods advertised seem too good to be true, do not part with money unless you have satisfied yourselves that the products have been officially tested, for some devices are only advertising catchpennies.

* * *

NUMEROUS appeals, as I said recently, are being made for alleged "Spitfire" funds. Information in my possession shows that bogus promoters are busy.

Don't be impressed by collectors who use the names of well-known people—the crooked collector has no hesitation in using fictitious names or decorations.

And don't give money to "Spitfire" collectors without asking for credentials.

Make sure that even official-looking papers are genuine!

* * *

CHRISTMAS is, too, a long way off yet, but charity-mongers are already asking for money to buy Yuletide cheer for the Services; they pretend to supply tuck boxes, cigarettes, puddings, cakes and other delicacies not ordinarily available.

But don't give a penny until you have satisfied yourself that the person making the appeal is associated with a genuine fund.

MY ADVICE BUREAU IS AT YOUR SERVICE, AND I WILL BE HAPPY TO ADVISE YOU.

* * *

MRS. EVENETT, of William Road, Queen's Park, Bournemouth, has drawn our attention to a paragraph in JOHN BULL (July 15), criticising "Evenette, of Queen's Park, Bournemouth," who, it was stated, advertises for woollen goods knitted at home.

Mrs. Evenett has given JOHN BULL every opportunity to investigate her business methods.

We are satisfied that she has had a substantial business in hand-knitted garments for many years, and that she is conducting a *bona-fide* concern.

WASTE STILL GOING ON

FROM the beginning of the war I have continuously published instances of wanton waste and extravagance. And complaints continue to stream into my office with such persistence that once again I must publicly indict those responsible for thus endangering the smoothness with which our war machine is working.

And as I am determined to see an end to this national scandal I ask readers to co-operate with me in showing the Government that drastic action must be taken at once.

At the start, as I pointed out before, there was confusion over building military camps.

Contracting firms have been mostly to blame—not Government departments, it is only fair to say.

Wasted Money

Large sums must have been lost in employing unwanted labour and in buying material that was not wanted. Members of Parliament have actually brought to the notice of the House facts about food wastage at Service establishments.

Fish, meat and vegetables have been found in swill tubs in large quantities, and it is to the credit of the War Office that stringent orders have now been given to ensure that troops will be fed appropriately in future and less food thrown away on scrap heaps.

One official order recently issued deals with "wanton waste" when a unit moves.

The instruction was framed because of the frequency of complaints that tents, suits of battle-dress, boots and food have been left behind.

Food Dumped into Sea

There is one case before me where food was repeatedly thrown into the sea at a port depot.

The reason upon enquiry was found to be that the cooks were provided with far more than they needed and decided that rapid dispersal in the ocean was the best way to dispose of it!

Complaints, too, are on my files of wastage of materials, faking of time-sheets, thieving and malingering during the construction of camps and other service establishments now under construction.

Not long ago a number of Scotland Yard detectives spent months investigating a series of mysterious thefts at several depots.

The investigations revealed a most lax state of affairs in regard to the methods of invoice-taking and book-keeping.

When one of my representatives went the other day to a partly constructed camp to collect first-hand information from men employed there he was told:

"The waste of time, wages and materials has to be known to be believed. We are sometimes told several times a day by our-charge hand to take it easy and make the job last."

Patriotic Spokesman

This spokesman, obviously most patriotic, has complained so often that he has invited dismissal, but nothing has happened.

He has even protested publicly that half the number of men employed would be more than sufficient to justify the work done!

"Some days we do not put in more than three hours' real work, yet we are paid two hours overtime a day," he added.

Another worker complained that filling materials tipped from lorries one day were wheeled ten yards away the next.

This could have been done in the first place, but it would have been too quick from a financial point of view.

Fodder Thrown Away

Another feature of this wastage scandal affects the civil population and local authorities.

Five hundred thousand tons of swill wasted in the last twelve months would have fed 400,000 pigs.

Many farmers have stopped keeping pigs because the job is no longer profitable.

One pig farmer, who recently complained that he had personally seen potatoes and bread thrown away, is indignant because he was asked to pay £4 a ton for wastage that used to cost little more than 4s.

A milk farmer, who had 400 gallons of milk returned to him because it was "deficient in solids," wonders why it had to be wasted instead of being made into butter or cheese.

Since these complaints were brought to his notice, the Minister of Agriculture has promised that local authorities will make greater efforts to collect the swill.

Faulty Collection

Turn, now, to ordinary "salvage."

Tradesmen, who have worked industriously to help in turning waste and unwanted materials into guns and ammunition, are protesting that local organisation leaves much to be desired where collection is concerned.

One hotel-keeper reports that he studiously collected old cigarette cartons, silver paper and so on until his stock became a nuisance from a storage point of view.

Several applications made to local salvage officials for its removal have been unavailing.

Another woman, who used her car for making such collections from shops and hostels, found her efforts so unwelcome that she resigned in disgust.

In another instance brought to my notice, a heap of carpet cuttings, odd pieces of linoleum, metal ornaments and cardboard boxes, tidily wrapped and placed at the side of the dustbin, were ignored by the dustmen.

Concerted Campaign

Official returns show that Scotland is the leading "Salvage Reaper" because it pursues a well-organised and concerted campaign.

Some English boroughs come second and third, but the Metropolitan Area of London and rural districts are mere "also rans."

In every town and village where housewives, hotel-keepers, tradesmen, voluntary collectors and local authorities work conscientiously for the common good, the Country's needs are achieved.

When I say that every piece of clean paper saved is of vital importance now, that 19 lb. of bones make enough glycerine for an 18-in shell, it is surely everybody's duty to ensure that local authorities are made to collect salvage.

Don't throw away even old letters or envelopes

Mr. R. R. Stokes, M.P., is one of many parliamentary critics of the waste scandals

In the words of the Minister of Supply, "we can turn old love letters into cartridge wads, meat bones into explosives, tin cans into tanks, garden tools into guns."

A Government official said recently that slack salvage authorities were to be subjected to "prompt action."

Well, I have said enough to show how prompt it should be.

WRITE TO YOUR LOCAL COUNCILLOR IF COLLECTION IS NOT BEING MADE SPEEDILY ENOUGH (OR WRITE DIRECT TO ME IF YOU PREFER). I am determined that these scandals shall be remedied at once.

How vital all these problems are at this momentous stage in our history should be apparent to all.

NEW "LOVE" CAMPAIGN

ONCE more I must urge all reputable advertising agents to scrutinise with the greatest care any announcement offering to introduce lonely persons to members of the other sex.

Representatives in various parts of the country have produced evidence to show that these organisations are rapidly increasing.

Among these new ventures, the most impudent organiser uses a South London address. For obvious reasons I do not propose to give his name.

As the money end of the business is his chief interest, the organiser is indulging in a widespread advertising campaign.

Recently there have been many instances of women being introduced by so-called "matrimonial agencies," which have made no real investigation into the good faith of the man they met.

One woman, who married a man she met through a correspondence club, found that he was already married—after he had deserted her!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. J. H. LEWIS, of Llanbedrog, Pwllheli, receives this week's £1 1s. I am greatly interested in the information that he sent.

Readers are invited to write to me about anything that calls for enquiry or publicity. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Interval for Fighters

There is a lull in the fighting . . . only the roar of a fighter engine being tuned breaks the stillness of the Front-line R.A.F. fighter station . . . a crack trio of Hurricane pilots is waiting for the next call, glad to relax if only for a few minutes. They are introduced to you

By JOHN CASHEL

AFTER the battle only the friendly, challenging roar of triumphant, returning Hurricanes fills the air over this front-line fighter station of the R.A.F.

Their conquering song blots out the lingering cacophony of anti-aircraft fire, jettisoned bombs, the carpet-beating-like thud of Nazi air cannon, and the crackle of machine-guns.

Hurricanes hum down runway, mostly in sections of threes; here and there twos.

Red section, blue, green, yellow . . . they taxi across the tarmac to their stations as groundsmen race forward to help out the pilots, inspect the machines for damage, refuel them ready for instant action again almost before the pilots are out of their seats.

Without even waiting to fling off helmets and parachute harnesses, pilots make their combat reports to the Intelligence Officers, then retire to duty huts.

Except two whose slight wounds are receiving treatment, and three others, for whom this was the fourth fight of the day, the pilots are ordered to stand by.

I was waiting at the hut when red section came in, hot and dishevelled but battle-scar free . . . a flying officer, a pilot officer, a sergeant pilot. A crack trio.

The flying officer, Dominion-born and a former Auxiliary Air Force man, is in his mid-twenties. **The high spot in his record is five bombers and a fighter in two days.**

The pilot officer, from Surrey, began as a Volunteer Reserve sergeant, still looks little more than an overgrown schoolboy at twenty-two. Yet he is old enough to have accounted for eleven enemy aircraft in not many more than that number of fighting days.

Once he downed two when in a flight of six that was opposed by forty Nazis.

The sergeant pilot, nearing thirty and formerly a Midlands engineer, with a wife to share his glories, crippled twelve German aircraft in one week.

These Three Musketeers of the air, with a combined fire-power of 28,800 rounds a minute from their Hurricanes, share and share alike in their hut—the most democratic institution of its kind in the Services. In it officers and N.C.O.s meet on equal terms while on duty.

They are glad to strip off helmets and harness, though their warm flying kit, "Mae West" life-saving jackets and fur-lined boots must stay on.

It is an infernally hot mid-afternoon.

The flying officer relaxes in an easy chair, within arm's reach of a telephone. The sergeant pilot follows suit. The pilot officer sprawls on the "biscuits" of an iron chair-bed.

The ping-pong, the darts, the chess and draughts, the radio, the crosswords, the books and magazines, all inevitable features of this hut life, can wait.

After three fights in a day, the latest lasting more than an hour, even supermen need a breather and a refresher.

Without asking, a waiter brings in a pot of steaming tea, bread and butter, fried ham and eggs.

Three Musketeers of the air, they wait for the call that will send them to another duel aloft

No alcohol, of course, passes the door of a duty hut.

At any moment the telephone may go again, or the loud speaker within earshot may speak once more, giving the order for the fourth time since breakfast: *"Red section take off! Enemy air-approaching from ——."*

The squadron leader, who has just heard from Intelligence at the Ops. Room the full news of the last fight, looks in on the tea party.

"Grand work, boys! Your four are confirmed. Yellow got a couple of Junkers. Blue two more. Green three 110's. . . .

"Dirty fighters, they machine-gunned young Robbie as he parachuted down. Good boy. We'll get 'em for that.

"Johnnie and Charlie got in the way of the 110 cannon stuff before they could close in, but made perfect landings. Johnnie near the old church on the hill. Charlie on the mead. Marvel how he missed those cows.

"Eleven to one. Keep it up. All of you O.K. for another half hour?".

"O.K., sir," they chorussed. "We'll give 'em one for Robbie."

"Cheerio. Must drop in on Green," added the squadron leader. "Think the youngster there needs a break, but won't say so. Andy, I mean. The M.O.'s asked me what I think. Notice anything strange about the boy?"

"Gone suddenly off his thrillers," replied the flying officer, knowingly. "Now keen on long walks—when there's time!"..

"YES, I thought so," the squadron leader mused to himself as he departed, wondering what excuse he could find for giving Andy a fortnight's leave.

"Got in a hot spot the other afternoon. Dropped a bit behind. Ten Jerrys had him to themselves. Engine shot out of action. Parachute drop from low height. Nasty landing. Touch of 'nerve.' Will never admit it."

The leader, father of his squadron, and the medical officer watch over their boys with a psychological eye. They have to.

The team spirit causes pilots to be reluctant to take a well-earned rest.

Yet their leader and the M.O. know what to look for.

Close study has shown that the boy who goes from thrillers to long walks needs a break. It is a sure sign, this sudden change from arm-chair relaxation to physical activity, from one habit to its opposite.

The same firmness is often necessary with wounded men who insist on going up again before their injury has even been dressed—and with night fighters who want to be included in next morning's dawn patrol.

Red section's crack trio in the duty hut, and dozens more like them at this station, have been on the job for twenty-four hours a day seven days a week for weeks, and some days have spent far more time in the air than in off-duty periods.

THE flying officer on one occasion fought five fights in twenty-four hours, the last time taking over the controls at a moment's notice of a new machine because his own had been damaged.

He made light of my comment that surely every machine has its tricks.

"One Hurricane," he replied, "is as good as another."

The clock on a deal table ticks away.

Five minutes more and another section takes over.

A roar of engines comes from outside and a hurricane wind blows refreshingly through the doorway, sweeping a crossword puzzle off the knee of the sergeant pilot, as groundsmen give the waiting aircraft a periodical warm up.

The dozing pilot officer sharply blinks an eyelid.

"Nothing doing," says the flying officer.

"I suppose," I jokingly questioned, "you're looking forward to a fourth fight to-day?"

"Maybe," he replied. "It's grand to be letting fly upstairs and see them toppling down.

"Seven times Jerry has tried to unload his bombs on this outfit and seven times we've stopped him from getting too near.

"The eighth he may be lucky and then he'll do less damage if we're shooters up there rather than sitters down here. We're giving him no such easy chances."

Asks the sergeant pilot crossword fan, "What's a two-legged beast of six letters with a Charlie Chaplin moustache?"

Ting, ting, ting.

The flying officer grabs the telephone. Red section take off. Enemy approaching in force twenty miles south-east, 30,000 feet.

Outside, the loud speakers repeat the orders.

Red section take off. Blue section . . . yellow section . . . green section . . .

And off they go again.

SHIPS THAT WILL HELP OUR PUNCH

By Commander H. Pursey, R.N.
("John Bull" Naval Correspondent)

DESTROYERS have always been the Navy's "maids of all work." Even in peace time an SOS from a ship in distress is answered by the senior naval officer saying: "Send the duty destroyer!"

Off she goes in the blackness of a murky night, plunging her razor bows into mountainous waves and bucketing through with not a dry inch on her upper works.

In war she is the most important of all warships; our first line of defence at sea.

Air bombing has been much more dangerous to these little ships than to larger vessels because, as they are built for high speed, they have thin hulls and decks that will not withstand much punishment.

Only One a Month

Yet only a dozen have succumbed to air attack in a year, two of them being beached and most of their crews saved.

Moreover, most of these losses were incurred in supporting the Army in the Norwegian campaign and the evacuations from the French ports.

When war broke out we had 185 destroyers, the French had 38—a total of 223 against the German figure of 34—or nearly seven to one in our favour.

In twelve months we have lost 32 of them, or nearly half the number sunk in the four years of the Great War. In addition to losses through bombing, the causes have been: torpedo, five; mines, four; collision, three; gunfire, two.

On the credit side are most of the three flotillas of eight apiece in construction last September and now completed, besides some of the six we were building for Brazil and which have now been transferred to our own Navy.

Vast Construction Scheme

Moreover, when war began a vast new construction scheme was launched. It included a large number of destroyers, each of which is being completed for service in seven months.

Our losses have been more than made good.

Transfer of the fifty American warships will add 25 per cent. to our destroyer force—one of the biggest windfalls ever gathered by a navy in war time.

Remember that this addition is nearly as great as the present total of Italian destroyers—57—and twice that of Germany, which has lost half its destroyer force since war began!

Not only will these vessels strengthen our convoy escorts and increase our attacks on U-boats.

Not only will they release our modern craft for the bigger job of frustrating invasion.

They will enable us to launch further and more powerful attacks on the enemy coast, such as those which took place recently against Libyan bases and in the Aegean Sea.

When the Nazis and Fascists scoff at this American aid they reflect their rage—and fear.

HANNEN SWAFFER

Introduces Charles Latham, courageous leader of stalwart London, who is more in the battlefield than his soldier son

PROUD HERO

CHARLES LATHAM embodies in himself the qualities of those scores of thousands of Londoners he has praised during their recent days of test.

As chairman of the Civil Defence Committee of the London County Council, where he succeeded Herbert Morrison as leader last May, he supervises the A.R.P. services for the great metropolis, services which safeguard 4,000,000 people.

"London has cause to be proud of you," he said, in the height of the *Blitzkrieg*.

He meant the men and women of the civil defence services. "When the call came, you were ready and steady. Against this fine spirit, the fury of Hitler will rage in vain."

What he says of his vast army of helpers, we can say of him.

* * *

It was Herbert Morrison who was the chief organiser of this activity months before the war started. When he became Minister of Supply Charles Latham, his vice-chairman, stepped into his place.

He started sleeping almost every night in the bed which stands in the corner of the vast office where Morrison lived, night and day, for months, and from that humble room he controls the air-raid workers who have been in the front line ever since the *Blitzkrieg* started.

You see them often in the morning in many parts of the great metropolis.

They are covered with dirt. They are dull from lack of sleep. But they are cheerful and still working.

They come from all classes, Army colonels, clerks, waitresses, typists, shop assistants, plumbers.

Some are quite young, but some are middle-aged. They have saved thousands of lives at the risk of their own.

They have been among the fires and in the wreckage, doing marvellous work among the bombs.

Before the big raids started it was a problem as to what would happen. Most of them had never seen blood before. Yet they faced the peril without a tremor. They braved the perils of the streets.

Inspiring them all the time, and forcing from the Government continuously more money for an even better service, has been Charles Latham.

He it was to whom Herbert Morrison gave, when he became leader of the L.C.C. in 1934, the most responsible of posts, that of chairman of the Finance Committee.

"Finance is a problem," admitted Morrison.

Latham soon solved it.

Like most Londoners, he is not a Cockney. He comes from Norwich.

There, when he was only 17, he joined the Independent Labour Party, and, in the same year, the Railway Clerks' Association, for in those days he was in the accounts department of the Midland and Great Northern Railway Company.

Coming to London in 1908, he studied accountancy, became a partner in a firm of accountants, and then founded his own business.

Now he is director of large companies and a chairman of six.

* * *

Yet he is a Socialist, a man of high ideals.

He served in the last war as an officer in the Royal Sussex Regiment. To-day, his only son serves in the Army in the East.

Yet he is even more in the battle-front than is his son.

Often, while he works, the death 'planes charge across the sky.

He has been, in the last three weeks, in all the bombed areas, talked to thousands of people, studied their problems, and tried to solve them.

And, after all he has seen, he says, "London is wonderful."

The L.C.C. has been blamed a good deal, during recent weeks, for small things that have gone wrong. For the great mechanisation hurriedly improvised under the threat of war could not be perfect.

But seldom has it been the fault of the L.C.C. Government meanness was responsible—the niggardly Treasury.

Charles Latham found one day that the firemen—and London has now 30,000 regulars and auxiliaries—had to eat their sandwiches with grimy, blood-stained hands, snatching an improvised meal in the midst of death.

The mean-minded Treasury had refused the L.C.C.'s appeal for travelling washing facilities!

Little inadequacies like this send Latham to the Treasury time after time, and to the Ministry of Food and to the Ministry of Health.

His Council meets once a week, and his Civil Defence Committee once a fortnight. In between, Latham is London, with full powers to act on his responsibility, responsibility that he never shirks.

* * *

He is a modest being and a quiet one. He looks merely one of the innumerable business men you see in the train going to work in the morning, by no means unusual, either in appearance or manner.

You might think he grew gladioli and was rather proud of his tennis-court.

Yet, although he has spent all his spare time on public work—on the Hendon Council, where he was leader of the Labour Party, as Labour candidate for Parliament three times, and then on the L.C.C.—he embodies in his short self many of those splendid qualities which are the soul of municipal government in Britain, and which are destined to bring about, one day, that New World of which we dream.

Hitler's

With or without rages over our head to-day is destined t history of mankind.

Hitler has staked everything on it.

From the verdict judgment may be del

A.

THE WAR, OUR SUPERB WEAPON IS INFINITELY EMPLOYED IN BLASTING T TARY VITALS OF THE ENE IT WOULD BE IN KILLING A ING DEFENCELESS WOM CHILDREN IN GERMAN OR CITIES.

Proof of this is before us desperate attempt to win by directly due to the fact tha potential is being shattered bombers.

HITLER knows that the issue will be decided on these s must conquer this country, o quered himself.

In order to conquer us he m an invasion, and the first step t is to establish supremacy in th

That supremacy must b equivocal that it will give him hours at least the comman narrow seas also.

But so far from having supremacy, his mass attacks b been flung back by our figh staggering losses to himself.

Meanwhile, two ominous th been happening.

One is the passage of prec Days have passed into weeks a into months since the collapse made Hitler dance with joy and significant remark, "*The wa West is over.*"

It was not over then. It i over now. The 15th of August by and the hungry sheep look u still unfed with the promise Britain.

The Italian jackal, who o into the war to claim his sha loot, is alarmed at the delay of fulfil his contract.

Mussolini's ship are still the ports, and his "Italian lak in the possession of the British

Our forces in the Eastern ranean have been greatly stre and there is a powerful revi spirit of Free France in the colonies.

And Mussolini cannot affor He must have quick results or h may be his undoing.

IN another column we pay homage to the sublime heroism with which the people of this country, and especially the people of London, are facing the horrors by which the desperadoes of Berlin seek to break our spirit and bring us to the dust.

No word is necessary here to stimulate that heroism.

Every bomb that falls does that. Every home that is wrecked does that. Every dear one—wife or child, husband or brother—who perishes in this blast of hell does that.

We are fighting for something greater than ourselves, for something dearer than life, and no matter what price in suffering and sorrow we are called on to pay, we shall not shrink from the payment.

That said, let us try to see this terror in relation to the vast perspective of the war.

AND, FIRST, A WORD AS TO WHETHER WE SHOULD ANSWER TERROR WITH TERROR.

The purpose of Hitler is clear.

He has been thrown out of his stride. His time-table is wrecked. All his calculations about this country have come to grief, and, faced with the prospect of another winter of war, he has resorted to the weapon of frightfulness with which he has desolated Europe from Poland to France.

By the mass murder of civilians and by indiscriminate destruction, he aims at creating such a moral collapse of our people and such a chaos in our civil life that what happened in Poland, in Holland and in France will happen here.

And the question is whether barbarism should be met with barbarism.

THE NATURAL MAN IN MOST OF US IS TEMPTED TO SAY "YES."

In this he is not simply vindictive, on the principle of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." He says, with a certain show of reason, that the best way of protecting our own civilians from ruthless slaughter is to take toll of the enemy civilians in equal measure.

BUT THERE ARE TWO REASONS THAT JUSTIFY OUR DECISION NOT TO ANSWER TERROR WITH TERROR.

WE ARE FIGHTING THIS WAR FOR THE SOUL OF THE WORLD AGAINST THE POWERS OF DARKNESS, AND WE MUST BEWARE OF BEING BARBARISED BY THE BARBARIANS.

MOREOVER, OUR PURPOSE IS NOT TO COMPETE IN THE BUTCHERY OF THE INNOCENT, BUT TO WIN THE WAR.

FRIGHTFULNESS DOES NOT WIN WARS WHERE THERE IS EFFECTIVE RESISTANCE.

It only infuriates and hardens the spirit of resistance. It has been so throughout history. It is so in China to-day. It is so in England to-day.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF WINNING

ast Throw

**sion, the battle of Britain which
on our shores and in our streets
e the most fateful batt:e in the**

rything on it, and we have staked

**e will be no appeal." The formal
, but it cannot be altered, says—**

. GARDINER

The coastal guns are manned and ready to repel the thrust of Nazi hordes against our shores.

The other ominous happening is those nightly devastations which our bomber squadrons are inflicting on the enemy. They constitute a counter-offensive of the most systematic and formidable character.

Their effect is felt in two ways.

They are destructive of the prestige of Hitler both at home and abroad.

It was the boast of Goering before the war that no enemy aeroplane would be allowed to fly over German soil, and these nightly raids have pricked the bubble of Germany's air invincibility in the most dramatic way.

BUT more important is the effect of these devastations upon Hitler's war machine.

The ceaseless bombing of oil storages, barges, railway centres and railway material, synthetic oil plants, aeroplane factories, aerodromes, and so on, have levied a terrific toll upon his resources.

The whole mechanism of industry in the Rhineland has been so disorganised that much of the war plant has had to be moved into eastern Germany and Czechoslovakia, and even there it is not secure from attack.

The measure of devastation in the Ruhr may be illustrated by the remark of a director of a British armaments firm the other day.

In the past he had often travelled to Essen by air. On being shown an aerial view of Essen to-day, he said, "Why, Essen as I knew it has disappeared from the map."

IT IS THIS PROLONGED OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE MILITARY OBJECTIVES IN GERMANY, COUPLED WITH THE SUPERB DEFENCE PUT UP BY OUR FIGHTING PLANES AT HOME, THAT HAS PLAYED HAVOC WITH HITLER'S INVASION.

Even if it comes before these lines appear it will be ten weeks behind the date fixed for the great adventure.

Those ten weeks have given us priceless time in which to organise and consolidate our defence. On sea, land and in the air we are ready for the worst that Hitler can send us.

AND behind our guns, our aeroplanes, our ships, and our mighty Army is an heroic people fired with a resolution unequalled in our history.

It is a people inspired by a leader who fuses us with his own great spirit, and prepared, as London has shown in these tremendous days, to endure all things in a cause that transcends all things.

The omens are with us. The hopes of the world are with us. The most instructed military opinion is swinging in our favour.

General Smuts, who, next to Mr. Churchill, knows more about war than any man living, and who weighs his words with the caution of the statesman, has committed himself to a confident prediction of our victory.

Nothing is more significant than the change that has swept over the mind of America.

Two months ago, after the French *debacle*, it had given us up for lost. To-day it stands in awed admiration of the magnificence of our airmen and seamen and of the heroism of our people.

And it is signifying that admiration in ever-increasing support to our cause.

Observe, too, the new note that is tempering the braggart voice of Signor Gayda, the truculent vehicle of his truculent master.

Gone are the old gibes at this doomed and degenerate "pluto-democracy."

He is growing respectful and doubtful about an early victory. Well he may be, with the Italian fleet not daring to put its head out-of-doors in its "own sea."

And the best omen of all is in ourselves, in the common people of our loved city and our loved land, whose courage and devotion in the face of blind terrorism are deciding the Battle of Britain.

ARGUE IT OUT **By PALLAS**

Steady, Boys, Steady!

THE young man in the old flannels and sports jacket came into the bar, ordered bread and cheese and a pint of beer, and began dusting bits of straw from his tousled hair.

Someone introduced him as a pilot officer, who was spending what he called a "war-weary" leave helping a local farmer to thresh his wheat.

"War-weary" meant that for days, for weeks, for months the young pilot had been up in the sky, defending the people of Britain.

He was a sensible young man.

"Some people on leave," he said, "go out for a good time. They want lights, drinks, theatres, cabarets.

"I don't blame them," he went on. "Some of the lads go up and they don't come back. And when they get leave they make the most of it.

"But I find more relaxation in the corn field than in the theatre. And I find the work and the fresh air good for my nerves."

* * *

Despite the bombings London has kept its nerve. People carried on when mass murder was launched against them.

They realise that to lose nerve is to impair effort, and that impaired effort delays final victory.

We've got to get out of ourselves these days.

It's difficult when the mind is active and imaginative, and anxiety over friends and relatives is constantly with us.

But we've got to endure.

Think of the way the men and women of Madrid were bombed for long, terrifying months.

And they had no R.A.F. to defend them. They did not read day after day how scores of raiding bombers had been shot down.

They were fighting a cause already lost. Yet they fought on, enduring the horrors loosed upon them.

The citizens of Madrid endured because they believed in the righteousness of their cause.

And no one can ask more as a nerve strengthener than the knowledge that whatever he suffers he is on the side of justice.

* * *

Ahead of this country lies the greatest task imposed on it since the war began—**that of carrying on calmly in face of whatever adversity may come to us.**

The fibre of this nation is tough. Its nerves are strong enough to stand the strain.

That young pilot-officer, bareheaded in the sunshine, throwing up the sheaves of golden corn on to the stack beside the threshing machine will always live in my war time memories.

He was a symbol of all that Britain stands for—steadiness, good sense and the determination to help in a worthy cause.

Soldiers and civilians alike, we have no time for good times.

Don't think I am passing judgment on the men who spend their leave in having a good time.

They have earned every minute of pleasure they can get from this cock-eyed world. They have every right to lift their elbow and hit the high spots.

But the civilian who tries to steady his nerve by trying to enjoy himself is no use to a nation that must conserve every penny and every ounce of effort.

Steady, boys, steady!

That's the guiding motto of to-day.

Numerous readers, in response to my Hearts and Homes article, have offered hospitality to soldiers, especially Dominion troops, on leave.

Their letters have been passed on to the Over-Seas League, which will do its best to make use of the offers.

WEETABIX

spread with Marmalade saves your Butter to-day

No need to worry about the butter ration. You'll find that boys and girls will plump for Weetabix spread with marmalade, jam, honey or paste. Grown-ups, too. There are lots of ways of using Weetabix. Thousands of A.R.P. and other workers find Weetabix, spread with cheese, sardines, egg-and-tomato and other savouries, wonderfully sustaining. Many prefer it dry, others with hot or cold milk. Weetabix contains the vital health-giving elements of the whole wheat berry. Always ready. No cooking. No preparation. British made by British workers.

FREE. Send us your name and address for a generous sample.

Weetabix *of all Grocery Stores.*

STANDARD SIZE 7½d.
DOUBLE SIZE 1/1

WEETABIX. LTD. (Dept. J.B.13), Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants.

That Awkward Moment

when children plead for something sweet

IT'S hard to explain to children the present need for conserving shipping space. The only space they are interested in is the hollow space just below their ribs.

And quite right they are, too. When they plead for something sweet, they are only asking for what every active and growing child needs — an extra ration of energy.

NATURAL SWEETNESS

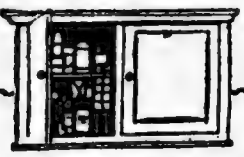
The natural sweetness of Horlicks — which comes from the milk sugar and malt sugars in it — will delight them and give them that added energy in a form they can use at once: in the valuable form that passes into the bloodstream almost immediately, without putting any strain on the digestion. They won't "make themselves sick" drinking Horlicks! It will do them good.

It will do them good for other reasons besides the quick energy it gives. For Horlicks also provides body-building protein[1] and calcium[2]. There's fresh, full-cream milk in it, too, and every child should have milk every day; milk is one of the very best "protective" foods there are.

A COMPLETE FOOD

Being a complete food, Horlicks helps to make good any lack of certain elements in children's other food and corrects any tendency to monotony in their diet. This is important when free choice of foods is limited.

So let your children have Horlicks! They'll adore it, and they'll be all the better for it! Prices from 2/-, the same as before the war. At all chemists and grocers.



FOR YOUR EMERGENCY STORE

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only and can be taken cold if gas or electricity supplies fail. It keeps indefinitely even after the bottle has been opened, if the cap is replaced tightly. For safety's sake, get an extra stock of Horlicks now.

1 *Horlicks is 14%-15% protein, one-half of which is "first-class protein" derived from milk.*

2 *Horlicks contains calcium to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. The milk sugar in Horlicks helps the growing child to use calcium to the best advantage.*

HORLICKS

It's every girl's duty to smile . .

To-day a real Odol smile means more than ever before. It's your duty to preserve it. Run no risks with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whiteness. They wear away the thin enamel coating which prevents decay. Test your tooth-paste to-night. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Next time please send me Odol Solid Dentifrice. We're always on the move and it's easy to pack. — Extract from a Soldier's letter.

Keep the winning **Odol** *Smile!*

Tooth-paste 6d. and 1/- Solid Dentifrice - 6d.

What a pity

he doesn't take

a laxative which preserves his normal good-humour instead of making him surly and out-of-sorts. What a pity he doesn't take Lixen! For Lixen is thorough without being harsh. Non-griping and non-habit-forming, it is so completely *natural* that children, adults and invalids can take it with equal confidence and safety. From chemists only. LIXEN LOZENGES (fruit-flavoured) 8½d. & 1/2. LIXEN ELIXIR (in bottles) 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.

LIXEN

the good-natured

L A X A T I V E

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LONDON, E.C.3

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY

Mr. Crabb didn't half get wild when Alfy insisted on cuddling the weathercock above his shop

As soon as he saw them, Mr. Crabb launched a frontal attack and began to lash out some more

OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE

By WILL SCOTT

LOTS of peoples used to wonder why young Alfy cuddled the weathercock. It wasn't as if it was his weathercock; or, rather, his uncle's. It was Mr. Crabb's weathercock and Mr. Crabb didn't half get wild.

Young Alfy's uncle used to say that young Alfy would break his neck one of these fine mornings, and Mr. Crabb used to say well, he hoped so.

The weathercock faced the weather actually over Mr. Crabb's shop, a storey and a half high (the top bit being just a loft), at the corner of Smiter's Yard.

You could see Mr. Crabb's point, in a way. People passing by, instead of looking in Mr. Crabb's window for things to buy, used to look up at young Alfy all the time, and titter, and pass by without buying anything at all.

And there wasn't much Mr. Crabb could do. He couldn't go up (as he often threatened) and yank young Alfy off. And he couldn't send his only son, Wilfred, up there to do it for him, because Wilfred was just about too fat to move. And young Alfy was always careful to go up and come down when nobody was looking.

He'd reduced the weathercock business to a fine art. Along uncle's wall, over the iron bit with spikes on, along Mr. Crabb's wall, shove your foot in the bit where the brick was missing, hoist yourself up, over the board with CRABB'S GROCERIES on it—and there you were.

He used to time himself by the clock you could just see through the window of the Smiter's Arms. He got it down in the end to under a minute—street to weathercock. And that wasn't half bad, either, bearing in mind the iron bit with spikes on, which was a proper terror.

Still, lots of people used to wonder why he did it. And he wasn't telling. Not even uncle.

THE truth was that from up there by the weathercock you could see the sea. Only just, but you *could*. Miles and miles away. Somebody said fifteen miles. But you could see it; and the sea was home to young Alfy.

He didn't like Smiter's Yard. He didn't like the boys too much. He wasn't excited even about uncle, and he hated the sight of Mr. Crabb and Wilfred. It was all very well sending him to uncle's, because it was supposed to be safer there, but what's the use of being safe if you're bored stiff?

So young Alfy used to get up there and cuddle the weathercock and stare at the distant bit that was the sea and think of the lads back home and the times they used to have.

The Smiter's Yard boys used to try to get him to join in, but he wasn't having any.

They were such a mousy lot, and they'd never Get Up to Anything.

Until that night. . . .

Young Alfy was just wondering whether to go up to the weathercock again before bedtime, and saying (but not aloud) that he'd give anything in the world to get back home again, when suddenly Wilfred Crabb was appointed field-marshal. By Wilfred Crabb.

Mr. Crabb, having the shop as well as odd jobs in the daytime, was better off than anybody else in Smiter's Yard. Some people said he was Rich, in spite of the Tick, whatever that meant. Anyway, if your Pa bought you a tuppenny anything Mr. Crabb at once bought Wilfred a sixpenny something. You couldn't beat Wilfred—not that way—try as you liked.

Well, this particular day, Wally Watts had made a pistol out of a lump of firewood, and no sooner did Wilfred tell Mr. Crabb about this than Mr. Crabb gave him a whole two shillings and told him to get what he liked. And what Wilfred liked that time was two real tin rifles, and a field-marshal's hat and belt and pistol all on a card.

And was he popular? He put on the field-marshal's hat and belt and kept the pistol for himself. He handed out the tin rifles to two of the other boys and made them captains. And he let Wally Watts keep his firewood pistol and he made *him* Prime Minister. The other boys, he said, could be Tommies.

And then, having lined them up, he Declared War.

The trouble was that that was about as far as he could go, because not even the daftest boy in the gang would be Germany, not even for an orange.

So that the army sat about.

Young Alfy saw all this and thought it was a terrible waste of a good time. So, forgetting all about the weathercock, he strolled over.

"What you ought to do——," he said.

"You go away," said Wilfred. "These are my weapons and this is my hat and my belt. You hop it!" Feeling pretty safe with his army behind him.

"Still," said young Alfy, "what you ought to do is this."

And he told them, and they all nodded their heads. He'd got some ideas, young Alfy had.

"What about trying it?" said Wally Watts.

BUT Wilfred wasn't having any. The weapons and the hat and the belt were his and he wasn't having any. In fact, he ordered the army to charge young Alfy.

"Half a mo," young Alfy said, before they could start. "Come here, you. I got another idea."

And he took Wally Watts aside in a corner and whispered. And Wally nodded and grinned and called the two captains across and whispered to them, and pretty soon all the army was in the corner, whispering, with the field-marshal on his own at the other side, sitting on a box.

Presently young Alfy left the rest and went across to Wilfred.

"I demand your seals of office," he said.

"What you talking about?" said Wilfred.

"The people," said young Alfy, "have Risen. You gotter Abdicate. So come on—make it snappy. My Patience is Exhausted."

HE made a grab at Wilfred and got the field-marshal's hat and belt and put them on himself. And the army began to cheer, and Wilfred began to howl, and Mr. Crabb dashed out of his shop with a cane and began to lash out.

"Come in at once, Wilfred!" he shouted.

"He can't," yelled young Alfy. "He's Germany!"

"Oh, is he?" said Mr. Crabb. "We'll soon see about that!" And he pushed Wilfred into the shop and came back and lashed out some more. It was a proper do, and the landlord of the Smiter's Arms came out to watch it. He couldn't stop laughing.

Mr. Crabb didn't half lash out, and some of the army went this way and some that. But young Alfy wasn't going to be beaten.

"Retire in Confusion!" he ordered.

And they did.

They met behind a wall.

"First," said young Alfy, "we've got to Consolidate our Position."

He called the roll and found they were now two short—the Smith boys, who had been lashed out at so well that they'd had to go home.

"What now?" asked Wally Watts.

"Now," said young Alfy, "I Hereby Declare War on Mr. Crabb."

And the populace cheered until they were nearly hoarse.

"Come on," said young Alfy, and he led his men back into Smiter's Yard. They were just in time to see Wilfred turn the corner at the end. They didn't know that Mr. Crabb was out of flour, that Mrs. Wiggins had called in for flour, that Mr. Crabb had promised to send some round at once and that he had sent Wilfred to the National Stores in the High Street to buy some flour.

And they didn't have time to find out, because as soon as he saw them Mr. Crabb launched a frontal attack and began to lash out some more. He did it so well that Wally Watts slept on his face for the rest of the week.

"RETIRE According to Plan!" shouted young Alfy. And they got behind the wall once more.

"Now, listen," said young Alfy, "there's one thing we gotter do, and that is Speed Up Armaments. We gotter Go To It. So you follow me."

He led them into the back place behind the Smiter's Arms, where you're always sure of a hundred or two of those tin things off the tops of bottles.

"Come on," he said. "Load up!"

So they loaded up, and this time when they got back into Smiter's Yard they let the enemy have it properly.

He lashed out and they pelted, and the landlord of the Smiter's Arms had to wipe his eyes. In fact, it wasn't until Mr. Crabb went into his shop and came back with a pail of water that the battle really began to go one way or the other.

When the fighting was at its fiercest young Alfy caught sight of Wilfred standing uncertainly at the end of the yard.

"Coo!" he exclaimed. "Wally—here! I appoint you a Council of State. You hold the enemy all you know. I'll be back."

And taking Willy Wilks with him, he made one dash up the yard and got Wilfred by the slack of the pants.

And he had that bag of flour from Wilfred before you could say knife.

"Now I know what!" he shouted in triumph. And off he went.

Along uncle's wall, over the iron bit with spikes on, along Mr. Crabb's wall, shove your foot in the bit where the brick was missing, hoist yourself up, over the board with CRABB'S GROCERIES on it—and there you were.

"Up, guards, and at 'em!" yelled young Alfy. And he cuddled the weathercock and looked down on the stricken field.

WATER and cane were doing the work below and defeat faced the armies of Wally Watts. Young Alfy took careful aim with the paper bag of flour and let go.

It got Mr. Crabb directly on the head. It turned him from a red-faced man in black into a white-faced man in white. It gave the landlord of the Smiter's Arms hysterics.

"A Direct Hit!" bawled young Alfy.

And it might very well have turned the tide of battle and brought victory to the boys of Smiter's Yard, only at that very moment (the moment, too, when young Alfy's uncle came back from his hour at the Britannia Tavern) the weathercock gave way and young Alfy finished up in a crate of eggs outside the door of Crabb's Groceries.

"Alfy!" exclaimed his uncle. "Wot the 'ell are you supposed to be doin'?"

"Sorry, uncle," said Alfy. "I made a Forced Landing."

"Oh, you did, did you?" said his uncle. "Right. Well, in you come. This is where you're Interned."

And young Alfy was. In the wood shed. All bright and yellow as he stood. All night.

* * *

His father came next morning and took him home. And from the last that was seen of him it seemed doubtful that he would reach his base in perfect comfort.

The nearer the clearer

Does your powder dim the natural freshness of your skin and make it look coarse? You need Snowfire Powder to bring out youthful radiance with its cunning skin-matched shades; to give a glamorous "matt" bloom with its silky softness; to banish for always that ageing, over-powdered look. Exquisitely fragrant Snowfire Powder stays on, divinely smooth for hours—in it there is a secret ingredient that really does overcome hateful "shine." Use it from to-day and see your skin quickly flower into beauty again. The six entrancing Snowfire shades are — Naturelle, Peach, Golden Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Suntan.

Snowfire Powder

3/- 6/-

INDIGESTION FROM WAR-TIME MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

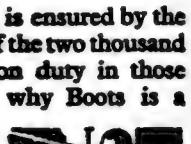
What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

"Want anything else from Boots?"

The vicar has held livings in various parts of Great Britain, and he has always been able to rely on the local Boots for the family's medical and toilet needs. For in every branch of Boots (and there are over twelve hundred throughout the kingdom), the same scrupulous standard of drug purity is observed, and the same accurate dispensing is ensured by the supervision of one of the two thousand qualified chemists on duty in those branches. That is why Boots is a household word in millions of families. Are *you* taking advantage of Boots service?



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Put a dash on your ration and enjoy War 'fare'

SAYS Martin O'Kay —the Saucy Boy

OK

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Why Endure PAIN End it for 2d.

Why spend hours in pain? Why not spend 2d. and get RELIEF! Beecham Powders cost only 2d. each—BUT—because of its special powder form this amazing remedy is both QUICKER-ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results! Wonderful for HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, Summer Colds and Chills, Hay Fever!

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/2. Single Powders 2d. each. Not laxative. Sold everywhere

A Beecham Product

BEECHAMS POWDERS

NERVES NEED FOOD

Fry's Cocoa gives you nerve-food value

You can be starved from lack of food. So can your nerves.

The harder they work the more they need certain substances that should be in your diet. If these substances are not present, you run the risk of a breakdown.

Among the most valuable of these substances are phosphates, which play an important part in building up the central nervous system.

Laboratory tests have proved that Fry's Cocoa is exceptionally rich in phosphates, and it is therefore of special value in the present difficult times.

FINE NOURISHMENT VALUE

As well as feeding your nerves, Fry's Cocoa is a wonderful source of energy and nourishment at a low cost. You get as much energy from the cups of cocoa made from a fivepenny tin of Fry's as you would from four large chops. Get a tin to-day. Make sure you ask for Fry's because of the extra phosphates.

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RICH IN NERVE FOOD

Down in Price NOW 5D QTR. LB.

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I shall be glad to receive your new Illustrated Catalogue of Diamond and Gem-set Rings, lovely Wedding Rings, Jewellery, etc.

Name .....

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(Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp. Postage refunded with order.)

Voice of the People

SLOGAN-WRITERS FRA YORKSHIRE; THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED HIS HOME; "WHITE MEN" AMONG SPIT-AND-POLISH BRIGADE; THAT BOMBER IS NOT ALWAYS OVERHEAD; SHE'S ALREADY STITCHING BUNTING FOR VICTORY DAY

YOUR Darlington reader who sends a notice appearing on the windscreens of Yorkshire lorry drivers—it says, in rich Yorkshire, that if you do anything for nothing do it for your country—has discovered only one of a series.

The best, to my mind, is:—

"If tha knows nowt, say nowt. But if tha knows summat, say less."—Frank Flanagan, Rugby Drive, Ovenden, Halifax.

The Ministry of Information should recruit a few slogan-writers in Yorkshire! Incidentally, we'd like to see the whole series.

DUE to the war, I have just spent my holidays in an entirely new place.

I chose my own home.

It has been a better holiday than any cruise, visit to a foreign watering-place, or stay at the seaside I have ever experienced.

Hitherto it has been my night-time and week-end dormitory.

I never discovered how lovely a place it was until compelled to spend my holiday there!—H. A. Smith, Richmond Road, Twickenham.

CAMOUFLAGE your greenhouse. These buildings, found in hundreds in some districts, shine like diamonds on a moonlit night.

I can name one road where there is a glasshouse at the end of every garden.

The other night they looked like fanlights on top of a factory.—M. Seaton, West Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

A THOUSAND thanks for the articles on the spirit of the people of Britain. How true they are!

I visited a woman of more than eighty last week. She is surrounded by red, white and blue materials in stripes.

All by hand, she is stitching bunting for Victory Day.—Mrs. N. Rixon, King's Road, Guildford, Surrey.

ONE reads a lot about the wireless pest.

It's about time somebody spoke about the anti-wireless pest.

One resident in my block of flats has complained to eleven fellow-residents because he can sometimes hear the sound of their wireless sets.

Nine of the eleven never use aerial or earth, and all keep volume down to a minimum. The real point is that this man who always threatens you with "the Law" hates wireless and all wireless users, and doesn't own a set.—Mrs. B. C., Queen's Drive, Acton, W.

Let such people complain. Post Office are deaf to such busybodies, although keen on routing out the real wireless nuisance.

Cash Prizes

★ *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TWO facts need to be drummed into the heads of Britons.

First, not one person in a hundred thousand is able to recognise an invader flying at a normal height.

Secondly, the volume of sound overhead is no indication of the size of the attacker,

Let people understand that and they won't be a prey to needless anxieties.—Mrs. G. A. Rogers, Plainfields Avenu , Patcham.

Best experts in the country cannot always judge from the sound whether a machine overhead is German or British. Many types of engine—with many different notes—are embodied in German aircraft.

Even the listening experts can't always tell you the facts about that aircraft cruising overhead. So don't think that every machine you hear is an enemy bomber

SORRY, but I've got a war grouse.

Our Spitfire pilots and anti-aircraft gunners are a bit too quick.

Digging potatoes, I saw a cloud of smoke from the horizon. A German bomber was ablaze in a field, having been shot down.

I had been digging potatoes all day, hadn't heard a siren, didn't even see that machine fall.—L. A. Lansdell, "Somewhere in East Anglia."

ADOLF records in *Mein Kampf* that within twelve months British propaganda was having a wearing-down effect on the German Army.

He applies the words "real work of genius." Could anybody in his right mind apply these words to to-day's Ministry of Information?—H. A. C., Sittingbourne, Kent.

LET me pay tribute to the Nazi pilot who, by magnificently controlling his plane, saved much damage—and perhaps loss of life—in the town from which I write.

Crippled by a Spitfire, he manœuvred his machine superbly, missed the tops of houses by inches, and avoided crashing until he reached the sea.

There he struck the sea. His cargo of bombs exploded and he met his death.—W. D., Somewhere on the East Coast.

There are at least six pilots attacking these shores whom British pilots recognise by their methods and for whom they have the greatest respect. One is a specialist in attacking observation balloons, is known as a gentleman and gallant opponent.

SOME Self-Help hints for war time. I have tried them.

Make your own little catchment area for rain-water. A sheet of cheap oilcloth, laid saucer-fashion on the ground, is good enough.

Put your surplus coal stocks near the Anderson shelter as added protection.

Make yourself a light crash helmet by pasting paper into bowl-shape to a thickness of three inches. It saves your head against falling debris.—William Nimmons, Hazlefield Street, Belfast.

And use bath-water on your garden. It is better than water from the tap. Fresh water should be conserved.

MY first holiday leave from the Army coincided with a local air raid. I was amazed at the true military discipline displayed by my wife and our young children.

Everybody had a series of jobs to do in a certain order the moment the siren went, and all of them down to little Sylvia, aged two, did it with a maximum of speed and minimum of fuss.

Our sergeant-major himself couldn't have got it done better.—"Royal Warwickshire Regiment."

PERHAPS my voice may be allowed to emerge from London's much-attacked East End.

Although the Germans have done their wicked worst, my trains and buses are running to schedule, and our supplies of water, gas, electricity and food are pretty well normal.

These triumphs over incredible obstacles stamp Britons as fine organisers, adaptable, keen-witted—the reverse of the Muddlers they sometimes like to pretend to be.—A. G. Gordon, London, E.

JOHN BULL's representatives have surveyed the whole kingdom. There have been inconveniences here and there, but nowhere has there been a trace of disorganisation. Nazi newspapers, please copy!

I SAW two young military police take a drunken soldier into a shop and ask the shopkeeper to look after him till he was sober.

"An old-timer," they said, indicating his ribbons of the last war. "We don't want to get him into trouble. And if he wants a bus-fare to get back to his unit, keep this couple o' bob for him."

A soldier myself, I told them they were real "white men."

The spit-and-polish spirit of the M.P.s asserted itself again. "Thanks," said one of them, gruffly, "but take your hand out of your pocket."—E. A. N., Wilnesden, N.

Official view is that a good military policeman gets from troops a maximum of "good order" with a minimum of "cases."

READING your article "Britain in Battledress" made me think that I wouldn't like the job of deciding who shall have war medals when peace comes.

Having served at Dunkirk, I suppose I shall be entitled to one.

I shall not wear it with due pride if it is denied to the brave A.R.P. workers who toiled without counting the cost in London's East End when bombs were dropping the other night.—Gunner, R.H.A., "Somewhere in England."

EVERY night before getting into bed I memorise three or four *Bullets* Examples. Then, if Old Nastie should disturb my night's rest, I sit in the air raid shelter and fire *Bullets* at JOHN BULL. I find this far more soothing than counting explosions.—Miss G. Pitchford, Watson's Green Road, Dudley, Worcs.

A number of recent winners report successes with *Bullets* written between the sirens—and many turn their prize money into Savings Certificates to help make sirens unnecessary!

COUNTY authorities have strange quirks in their machinery. My little evacuees go to a school where there is a canteen.

The price I have to pay for their food has been increased by 33⅓ per cent. to meet the increased cost of foodstuffs.

Yet the Government allowance for these children, whom I feed, hasn't gone up by as much as 1 per cent.—Mrs. M. T., Devon.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

LEEK POST AND TIMES:—"The Vicar of ——, moving that a scheme for the purchase of a SPITFIRST be started . . . ."

EVENING NEWS:—"He was faster than I, and I couldn't CAT up."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Generally people who suffer from tender feet should wear shoes with very thick HOLES."

EVENING SENTINEL:—"A lady has offered a bottle of old AGE, brewed in 1902 by the late King Edward."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"His first action after handing over a revolver was to produce a comb and smooth his AIR."

DAILY MIRROR:—"Another CONTINENT of the Newfoundland Heavy Regiment Royal Artillery arrived in England yesterday."

DUBLIN EVENING HERALD:—"At another point on the coast four WIVES of German bombers and their accompanying fighters . . . ."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"If there is not an immediate improvement the police authorities will ask for increased punishment by fines or imprisonment for all FIGHTING offenders."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The remark of one boy seemed to SUP up the attitude of all of them."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"On Friday she WEPT to the house."

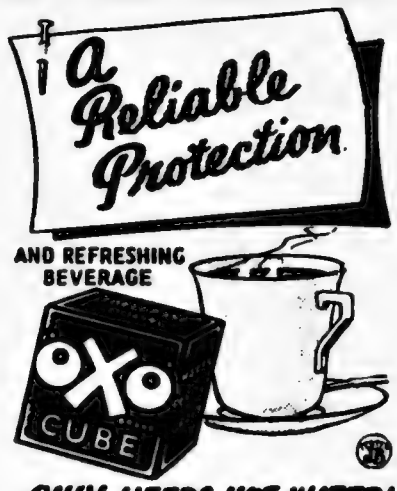
SMOKERS' 'FUR'
IS IT RUINING YOUR TEETH?

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers fur has got a hold and is damaging and staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining your teeth to-day.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. 12,000 dentists urge smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it — Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid to-night. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES. Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d. and 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



-ONLY NEEDS HOT WATER!

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs.' It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle today, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6.

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 8

Remember to pin up this useful advertisement in your kitchen

—Do without that second helping, that extra snack, unless you really need them. Turn today's scraps into tomorrow's soups and savouries. *Our waste is Hitler's weapon.*

Save food! Save money! Save cargo space for munitions!

Remember to turn on the wireless at 8.15 every morning. You'll hear many useful household hints

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

BLACKBERRY JAM

Allow 1 lb. sugar to each lb. fruit. The blackberries must not be over-ripe. Put the fruit in a pan, and after sprinkling the sugar over it, let it stand for 3 or 4 hours. Place the pan over a low fire and stir with a wooden spoon until the sugar is quite dissolved and the mixture comes to the boil. Boil rapidly for 15 minutes stirring all the time.

Then begin to test by cooling a little jam on a plate. If the surface sets and wrinkles when you push it with your finger, the jam is at setting-point. Take the pan from the fire. Cool a little. Remove the scum if it is very thick and pour the jam into clean, dry, *warm* jars. Cover immediately. *If the jam is for immediate use, only ¾ lb. sugar is necessary for each lb. fruit.*

A Grand Use for Stale Bread

Cut the stale ends of your loaves into neat pieces and bake them in the oven whenever you happen to have it on. They make crisp, delicious rusks, excellent for the children's teeth.

Grated Carrot Sandwich

Carrots are an exceptionally health-giving food and are rich in natural sugar. A grated carrot sandwich, preferably made with wholemeal bread, is a fine sustainer for an energetic child.

HEALTH HINT. Steam your vegetables rather than boil them. Steaming conserves their goodness. If you have to boil them, use very little water and save that water for gravy or soup. Never over-cook them. It wastes fuel and destroys much of their nourishing content.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD LONDON, S.W.1

A fine *full bodied* 'smoke'

If you like a tobacco with just the right amount of "kick," yet good-tempered and cool in the pipe, then try 'DIGGER'. It gives you the full, rich flavour of the choicest leaf, and is available in the form of

1/3 1½ oz. FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · HONEYDEW or PLUG

P.D.83

Make your own Cough Mixture

A NEW RECIPE.

No other remedy gives quicker relief in the case of Coughs and Colds than this simple recipe, which can be made at home very easily.

It contains ten separate medicinal ingredients, but you can get them all concentrated together in exactly the right proportions by asking your chemist for 1 ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). You pour this into half a pint of hot—not boiling—water and you have the best cough and cold remedy you ever tried. If you have a little sugar or any sweetening syrup to spare, you can add this while it is warm. Dosage is one tablespoonful for adults, one dessert-spoonful for children 8-12 years, one teaspoonful for children 4-7 years, to be taken four times a day.

From the first dose you feel relief, the cough is checked and it clears the stuffed-up passages of the nose, throat and chest like magic. It is particularly good for children because they love its pleasant taste.

Should She Propose?

Should a girl tell a man she loves him—an old problem that still causes misery to many young folk—is solved

By HUMANIST

THREE problems of young folk in their teens give a clearer picture of the youthful mind than all the sermons and sentimentalities of so-called "experts."

The first is making life a nightmare for a girl of eighteen. She has fallen in love, she tells me, with a man of twenty-eight.

"If I talk about it," she writes, "my friends always give me the impression that it is merely infatuation. But it is more than that. I do love him and crave for him.

"No matter what I am doing, he is always at the back of my mind. I would travel to the other end of the world to catch only a glimpse of him."

This sounds like the "real thing." But the girl has never given the slightest hint to the man.

"I have always felt," she continues, "that it is the man's place to make the first advances—and I don't want to make myself look cheap.

"I want desperately to do something about it, but don't see how I can.

"Last February I sent him a Valentine; when I next met him he treated me with his usual friendliness, but still rather casually, though I'm sure he knew where the Valentine came from.

"Several times I have written to him anonymously, setting aside my pride. I would do anything to get an answer of some sort.

"Is he being stubborn? What can he think? Would it be better to sign my letter?

"Please do help me."

There was no harm in sending the Valentine, but the anonymous letters were a mistake. No man with any sense pays attention to them.

Not daring to defy the conventions, she never signs her letters to the man she loves

It hasn't occurred to the girl that the man may be unaware of her affection for him. No doubt she shows it every time she sees him, but some men are blind.

Or the fact that she is only eighteen may make him feel that she would be better matched with a boy nearer her own age.

But this undeclared love is torturing her; she cannot endure it much longer. It would be better to speak than to write. Letters are so easily misunderstood.

I don't mean that she should make a violent declaration of love. She could give him a strong hint of her feelings and wait for his response.

He may be delighted; he may talk to her like the proverbial Dutch uncle. But anything would be better than this everlasting suspense.

MY second letter, though it comes from a London girl, presents a problem existing in every town.

"I am seventeen," she explains, "passably good-looking, and am working in an estate office.

"Before the war I had some very good friends, but they were evacuated to the provinces and I have lost touch with them.

"I want to make new friends of both sexes, and that is my trouble. Where can I meet them?

"The other people in my office are much older than me. I want the companionship of people of my own age.

"If you will help me as you have helped so many others, I shall be extremely grateful."

Rightly, this girl does not want to "pick up" her acquaintances casually.

She might meet young people in the social functions arranged by the Y.W.C.A. or a church; an excellent way is to join one of the L.C.C. Evening Institutes, which reopen towards the end of September.

The cost is about 15s.; it enables members to go every night in the week for about nine months; and it has enabled hundreds of lonely people to make good friends.

Commercial and technical institutes exist for those who want to improve their positions as wage-earners. Literary institutes provide opportunities for general culture—the appreciation of books, plays, music, painting, philosophy, psychology, and scores of other subjects ranging from Greek dancing to astronomy.

In connection with these institutes there are many clubs—rambling, cycling, swimming, chess, fencing—and, of course, there are dances.

Then there are classes organised by the W.E.A., including "week-end schools" where recreation is combined with serious discussions on all kinds of modern problems.

There is a chance to join Girls' Clubs, Girls' Friendly Societies, the Youth Hostel Association, and many more organisations where young people can get together and have a good time.

A THIRD letter, from a youth of sixteen, raises a more difficult problem.

"During the course of the evenings at my club," he writes, "I talk a good deal with girl acquaintances and seem to be popular except in one respect.

"Because I don't share in the guffaws at dirty jokes I'm considered rather effeminate. They think I am 'too slow.'

"I am beginning to fear that I may be treated as an outsider.

"I could put my scruples aside and keep my friends. Indeed I am thinking of adopting this course.

"I'm sure there are thousands of other boys of my age who feel as I do and find themselves in a similar predicament.

"Perhaps you may help many if you tell me what to do."

Well, I am not going to tell him to lower his standards. It strikes me that he is in the wrong sort of club.

The man who goes on enjoying the same smoking-room stories year after year is a case of arrested development. He should have got past that phase during his teens.

But a youth of sixteen can hardly make himself responsible for the morals of older men without laying himself open to accusations of self-righteousness.

A good example is more eloquent than any speech and more lasting in its effect.

I can't believe that girls will think badly of him because he has ideals and dislikes cheap and nasty talk. Those who do so are not worth knowing. He will be happier without such "friends."

I don't advise him to make a public protest, as a parson might feel bound to do, because I don't think it would have the slightest effect. It would be better to change the subject or to wander away.

Young soldiers tell me that there is little "nasty" joking among them, not because they are pious, but because the subject bores them.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page without your name, of course.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

YEARS ago George Foreman, of Headcorn, Kent, then a ship's engineer, was shipwrecked on his way to Mexico. He struggled for many weary hours in a rough sea, battered by wind and rain, only to land on a barren shore in the morning.

Now he is battling against the odds of life, battered by adversity, handicapped by ill-health, unable to make headway against the storm of life.

Ten years in the Royal Navy fitted him to fight life with fine courage, but it looks as though he must weather yet another terrible storm, the storm of man's inhumanity, only to land on another barren shore.

He is troubled because failing eyesight and the loss of the index finger of his right hand have unfitted him for service. After thirty years at sea, he is beached for "the duration."

Yet he has a delicate wife and a son to maintain on £1 11s. 6d. a week. And out of this he must pay six shillings a week rent. His elder son had to be taken from his care and sent to a home because he was not receiving sufficient food. Help this old sailor, please.

Earmark donations "Poverty," and send them to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund. Lists of Subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THOSE WHO SEND TO US ANONYMOUSLY.

NAVY'S "STRAIGHT RUSH"

DRIFTING mist hid the far shores of the Estuary.

Not a sound disturbed the watery silence as two sailing barges glided past ghost-ships on the last of the tide.

From the deck of the destroyer the misted calm was unreal in its contrast to the activity aboard ship.

"Spit and Polish" was in full swing, and in the galley the cook was preparing a mid-day dinner for fourteen messes—nearly two hundred men.

The chef lights the galley fire when the morning Watch takes over at four in the morning, and from then onward until after dinner he is busy most of the time, watching over the huge range on which he can cook dozens of dishes at once while the ship rolls her decks under in anything like a seaway.

In the Galley

If you could peep into any destroyer's galley about 11.30, you would find a hot meal of some kind boiling away on the stove.

The Navy has no time for words.

What the Kerner Kafe would call "A cut from the joint and two veg.," the Navy describes as a "straight rush." Their "pot mess" is something like an Irish stew—meat, onions, carrots, thick gravy and "doughboys"—suet dumplings.

While the stew, cabbage and potatoes are cooking on top, ship's meat-pies are being baked in ovens. Each mess makes sure of getting its own special pie, and on the crust you see three narrow strips of pastry—that's Mess No. 2.

Cook is always popular when there's a plum duff on the menu. That historic suet-pudding is still associated with the privileges of Sunday aboard ship, but in the days of England's Wooden Walls there was no alternative.

To-day the Chief Steward will tell you of such special delicacies as dried fruits soaked overnight and stewed on Sunday, served with thick custard.

Provision Stores

In the dry provision stores you will find 20-lb. boxes of tea, demerara sugar (Navy sugar is always brown), rice, flour, peas, 7-lb. slabs of Navy chocolate for cocoa, golden syrup and condensed milk; rows of tinned carrots, tinned turnips and even tinned beetroot.

It would be a good deal harder to develop scurvy on a ship to-day than when Queen Elizabeth's ship the "Repentance" was provisioned for the South Seas with only "Beefe, Porke, Bisket and Sider!"

Supper is a meal that a sailor likes to cook himself.

As well as standard rations, he gets a special supper ration twice a week—quarter of a pound of tinned salmon and quarter of a pound of preserved meat. And he knows all about making fish-cakes.

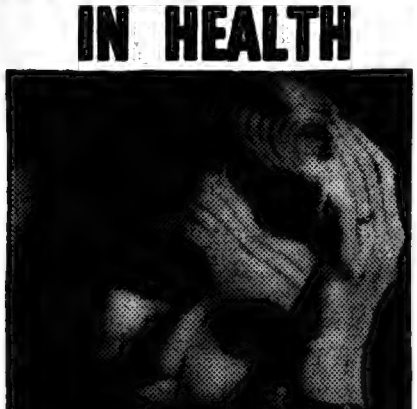
Bad Old Days

A century ago, supper in the Navy was no more than a biscuit, broken into small bits, boiled in a tin pot with whatever cocoa was left over from breakfast!

To-day, cocoa is the drink to have while Watch keeping.

When the call to "action stations" comes, the cook must go, too, but at the first lull in the battle he is allowed away, so that the men may have piping hot drinks all round.

3 LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO BROKE DOWN IN HEALTH



They couldn't EAT . .
They couldn't SLEEP . .
They lost WEIGHT . .

IN EVERY CASE

A FEW DOSES OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS BEGAN A

Wonderful Recovery

1. Dr. CASSELLS SAVED MY LIFE

"Following an illness I went from 10 stone 5 to 7 stone. Someone recommended Dr. Cassells Tablets—I took 2 in the day and 2 last thing at night. I slept six hours that night . . . a thing I had not done for months. I put on weight. I shall always say Dr. Cassells saved my life."
Mrs. A. B., Derby.

2. OFF WORK WITH BREAKDOWN

"I came off work with a serious nervous breakdown. Then I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets—and from the first bottle I began to regain my health. I enjoy my food and my sleep is normal."
Mr. F. S., Bolton.

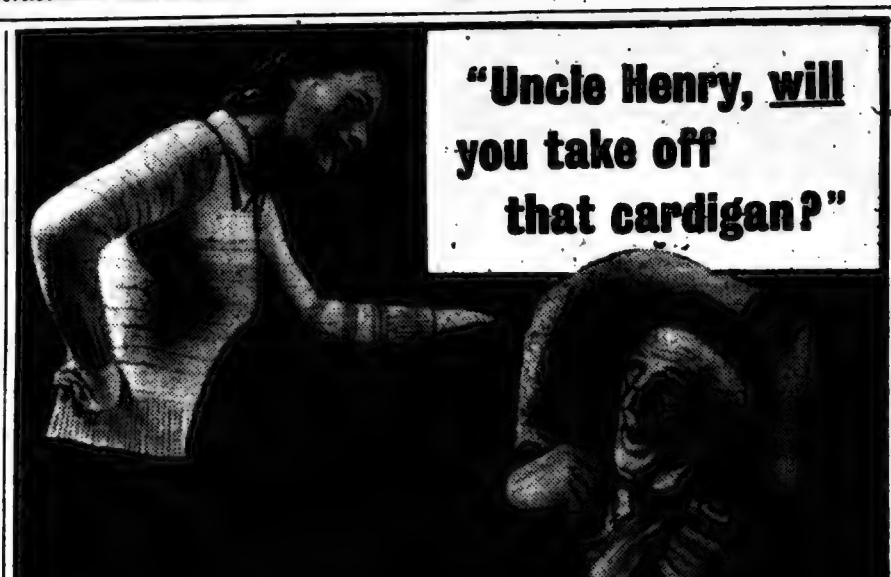
3. I BLESS THE DAY I TOOK THEM

"I had a nervous breakdown. In spite of treatment I did not get any better. I bless the day I started to take Dr. Cassells Tablets. I sleep better and eat better—and no longer have pain after meals."
Mrs. L. P., Birmingham.

★ THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS IS THE SECRET OF THESE AMAZING RESULTS! Get a bottle today! Prices: 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- everywhere. Trial size 6d.

TAKE
Dr. CASSELLS Brand TABLETS

AND YOU WILL
EAT BETTER!
SLEEP BETTER!
FEEL BETTER!

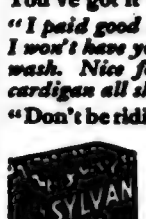


"No."

"But why won't you let me wash it? You've got it all covered with smuff."

"I paid good money for this cardigan, and I won't have you or any woman put it in the wash. Nice fool I should look with my cardigan all shrunk up round my neck."

"Don't be ridiculous, Uncle Henry. I wash all my woollies in Sylvan Flakes. Then I know they can't shrink or get out of shape."



"I thought as much. Wasting good money on soap flakes. Well, my gal, you'll be sorry when your hands are ruined."

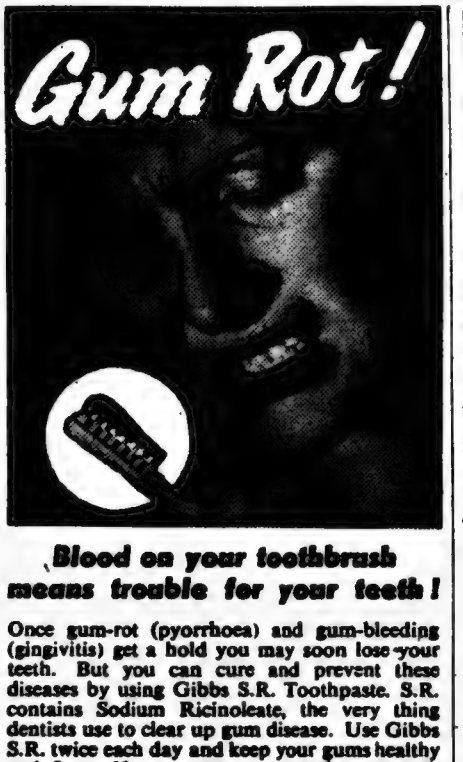
"Wrong again, Uncle. Sylvan Flakes keep your hands soft and smooth. And it isn't wasting money either. I get half as much again for my money with Sylvan as with expensive soap flakes. So there. Now will you let me wash your cardigan?"

"All right. All right. But if any harm comes to it, I'll cut you out of my will."

SYLVAN FLAKES USE SYLVAN AND SAVE

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER



Blood on your toothbrush means trouble for your teeth!

Once gum-rot (pyorrhoea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis) get a hold you may soon lose your teeth. But you can cure and prevent these diseases by using Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the very thing dentists use to clear up gum disease. Use Gibbs S.R. twice each day and keep your gums healthy and firm. If your gums are good your teeth will be safe.

GIBBS
S.R. TOOTHPASTE
6d and 1/3

OR R3A-333-60 D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

MORE IODINE in YOUR BLOOD

How NOT to catch Colds, 'Flu and Epidemics

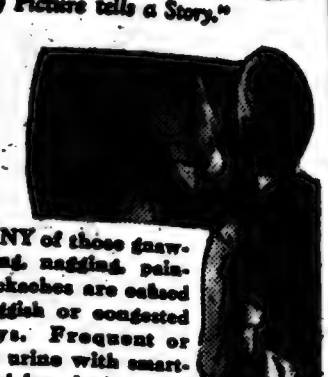
When you feel "done," whacked to the wide, chilled and worried, your vitality is low and you are an easy prey to germs—colds, 'flu and worse. You need defence against germ-invaders.

What is your best defence? Iodine. It regulates your whole health. Doctors agree you need tiny quantities every minute every day. The best way to get Iodine into your system is to inhale it. That's why breathing Iodine-charged sea air is so good. How can you be sure of Iodine all the time? Wear a Simpson Iodine Locket round your neck or in vest pocket. Iodine liberated by body-heat, rises continually to your nostrils. You are immune from germs. 3,000,000 wearers have proved it.

Don't wait till germs get you. Act now and restore your bodily resistance to meet winter's threat. A Simpson Locket costs only 1/9 from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price, from J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Ltd. (Dept. K.B.), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

LAZY KIDNEYS CAUSE Backache Rheumatic Pain Urinary Troubles

"Every Picture tells a Story."



MANY of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches are caused by sluggish or congested kidneys. Frequent or scanty urine with smarting and burning also indicates that the kidneys and bladder are at fault.

BECOME healthy and vigorous again by taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This up-to-date kidney medicine does not merely relieve the pain. It strengthens, invigorates, and flushes out the kidneys so that the millions of tiny filtering tubes purify your blood. Only a remedy which achieves this can give you permanent relief. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, puffy swellings, urinary and bladder troubles, disturbed sleep, and other kidney ailments.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

The Healing Touch of Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

BANISHES

LEG ULCERS

Painful ulcers that have defied years of treatment yield to the healing touch of Germolene. Here is just one report from a host of men and women grateful to Germolene skin healing magic.

Mrs. P. B. says *"I was forced to give up work owing to very bad ulcerated legs. I had five ulcers and could not put my foot to the floor. Germolene succeeded in drying the ulcers up. I cannot praise it enough."*

How quickly Germolene heals your broken skin and cleanses that nasty place clean! How swiftly all skin troubles disappear under the soothing touch of Germolene! Prove this yourself under this

GERMOLENE HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS CHILBLAINS CHAPS ABSCESSES ULCERS SUNBURN HEAT RASH

GREAT HEALING OFFER

You can prove the amazing healing power of Germolene without risking a penny. Get a 1/3 tin and use all the contents. If not satisfied return the empty carton to Vemo Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester. Your money will be refunded in full.

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/-, & 12/- Per Tin

A. W. HELLIWELL says there is still magic in the name of Jimmy Wilde, boxer's mighty atom, who fought for the honour of the game when he went into the ring to meet inevitable defeat

BATTLING MIDGET

JIMMY WILDE!

Still after all these years there is magic in that famous name — a name so famous that even to people who have never been within a mile of a boxing ring it conjures up a picture of the peaky-faced Welsh miner who, although he weighed less than a jockey, became a world champion fighter.

True, there are few who would recognise him to-day, for since he quit the roped square Jimmy has acquired a waistline of almost aldermanic proportions in comparison with his former reedy slenderness.

Certainly it is a fact that when he turned up in search of his first fight the promoter sharply ordered him to be given a few square meals before he thought of fighting!

So far as I am concerned, the amazing Welshman they called the Mighty Atom will always rank as the greatest of fighters.

I can imagine the howls of protest likely to rise from supporters of other such outstanding champions as Dempsey, Johnson, Fitzsimmons and many more, but nothing will shake me from my contention that the pocket-sized scrapper who began as a pit boy was peer of them all.

Wilde never had a boxing lesson in his life. There were occasions when, like Peter Kane, he boxed contrary to all the accepted rules.

Even more astonishing was the terrific punch he packed in either hand. Little Jimmy, puny and under-sized, with arms that closely resembled pipe-stems, could hit harder than many heavyweights.

It was said that he achieved his results by employing a "corkscrew" blow, half-turning his wrist at the moment of impact, but it is nearer the truth to say that Wilde, by patient persistence, brought the science of correct hitting to a fine art.

His timing and judgment were faultless, and he only achieved this perfection by practising hitting with either fist many hours a day.

Some of his most paralysing punches were launched from the weirdest angles and travelled no more than inches, but they did the trick!

Wilde made his London debut at the old Blackfriars Ring in 1912. He was then twenty, a fair-haired, grey-eyed, shy young man who looked little like a fighter.

In fact, when he took off his robe and the hearty patrons of the Ring set eyes on his painfully thin and undeveloped body, they roared with laughter.

To the accompaniment of such ribald comments as "Go home to mother, sonny," and "Mind you don't get blown away," the diminutive miner took his seat in his corner.

They were still chuckling when he stepped out to meet his opponent, a husky young tough who looked big enough to eat him. But within a few seconds Jimmy was walking back to his corner amid a stunned silence.

With almost the first blow of the contest he had stretched the other man as cold as if he had been slugged with a length of lead pipe.

Other wins, equally swift and spectacular, followed. Yet for a long time the experts scoffed at the idea of any man so small and frail ever reaching championship class.

How wrong they were! Wilde rose to reign as the greatest flyweight the world has known, a hammer-fisted little giant killer who was so superior to others of his weight that he took on bantams and featherweights with the audacity of a David among the Goliaths.

One of his most astonishing victories, one of which he is most proud, was that gained in his fight with that clever East End battler, Joe Conn, just before the end of the last war.

Famous among Jimmy's encounters was his battle at the Albert Hall with Pete Herman, the jet-haired Italian-American bantam. It was on this occasion that the plucky little flyweight made that famous remark: "All right! I'll fight for the Prince of Wales."

It was a disastrous evening. Right on top of the announcement that Battling Levinsky had cried off his contest with Bombardier Billy Wells came the news that Wilde had refused to go into the ring against Herman.

He was perfectly entitled to take up this attitude. Herman was so many pounds over the bantam limit that he would not step on the scales.

There was deadlock until Lord Lonsdale went from the ringside to the flyweight champion's dressing-room and conveyed the news that the Prince of Wales, who was among the spectators, was very disappointed and distressed by the ugly attitude of the crowd.

It was then that Jimmy, thrusting his manager aside, made his own decision.

"All right," he said. "I don't care what Herman weighs. Let's get going. I'll fight for the Prince of Wales."

He has since told me that he numbers among his proudest memories that moment when, as he ducked to slide under the ropes, the Prince left his seat to shake him by the hand.

"Thank you, Wilde," he said. "I hope you win."

It was—and Wilde knew it—an almost impossible task.

He was attempting to give away nearly two stone to one of the toughest, fastest bantams in the world.

He knew that he was almost bound to be licked, but for the sake of boxing's good name and to save a scandal he went in and fought like a hero.

Even then he might have covered up and boxed on the defensive, but that was not Jimmy's way. He was paid to fight and fight he did, tearing into the heavier, stronger man with a reckless disregard for the consequences.

Herman made him pay a painful price for his temerity, but he could not crush Wilde's grand fighting spirit.

Jimmy took a terrific right upper-cut flush on the chin in the second round. Though it was a punch that would have stopped most fights, the only effect it had upon the ex-miner was to increase the fury of his whirlwind attack.

At times his dazzling speed and cleverness were altogether too much for the swarthy Italian. Still, it was an unequal battle—and gradually the weight of Pete's heavy blows began to tell.

Little Jimmy was a very tired man when he came out for the seventeenth round, and for once his miraculous powers of anticipation deserted him.

Herman, swinging wildly, caught him with a savage right-hander, and as Wilde fell his head struck the wooden edge of the ring with a dull thud.

Not until after the fight was it discovered that Wilde had sustained severe concussion, for the plucky little Welsh wizard, ignoring the smashing blow he had taken on the chin and that on the back of his head, scrambled to his feet and rushed at Herman.

A half punch was sufficient to put him down, but although it was plain to everyone in the Albert Hall that Wilde was already beaten, he still refused to quit.

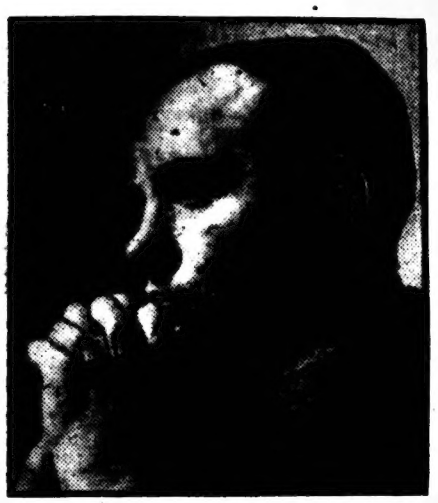
Somehow he found the will to haul himself erect and shape up to Herman, but before another blow was struck the referee seized Jimmy and carried him, loudly protesting that he could still fight on, to his corner.

Wilde displayed the same magnificent courage when, in the evening of his great career, a mere shadow of the fighter he had once been, he crossed the Atlantic to fight Pancho Villa in New York.

Jimmy never had a chance from the time the coffee-hued Pancho dropped him with a punch that was launched a full second after the bell had signalled the close of the second round.

Wilde, utterly defenceless, with his gloves at his sides, went down as though he had been pole-axed.

It was a genuine mistake on Villa's part, for he had not heard the bell; but, nevertheless, had the contest been taking place in this country he would have been immediately disqualified.



Jimmy Wilde now . . he was once so thin that, according to a popular joke, he had only to stand sideways to make himself invisible to his opponent

Wilde, after being carried to his corner and revived, fought on without protest. For the next four rounds he took a terrible thrashing, but he would not quit.

"I'll fight on till I go out," he whispered when his seconds begged him to surrender. He went straight at Villa, knowing that defeat was inevitable, and when he went down it was full length, with his face to his conqueror, as a champion should fall.

HOW HE WON THAT MEDAL

Death-or-Glory Ride

STAFF-SERGEANT RONALD SIMPSON, R.A.S.C., was troubled because thirty miles up the line a British brigade was heroically facing a terrible German onslaught, even though perilously short of ammunition and food.

Simpson knew that the brigade would stand a chance of fighting its way out of trouble only if those supplies were delivered within a few hours.

Without them, it would be annihilated.

He walked towards the supply-train standing in the tiny siding.

His mind was made up.

He climbed into the cab.

"Well," he said, trying to make his voice sound as matter-of-fact as possible, "if no one else will take this thing through, I will!"

* * *

A dozen pairs of hands reached out to pull him back on to the track.

"Don't be a fool, Sarge!" someone cried. "You haven't a chance. You'll only pile up the train. The Jerries have been bombing the bridge for hours. They've chucked everything they had at it. The line's been cut, I tell you!"

"Sez who?" Simpson answered drily. "I haven't been able to find anyone who actually saw it go. Maybe, it's still standing. We'll see when we get there."

Couplings clanged and screamed. The wheels slipped, then gripped.

With a jerk that would send the average engine driver silly, the supply-train lurched down the line.

Even though the bridge was still standing, Simpson's knees went weak when he saw that high-explosive bombs had smashed great pieces of iron and masonry out of it.

Under supports swayed outwards drunkenly, threatening to collapse and pitch the entire structure into the depths.

The wooden flooring and the rail sleepers blazed furiously.

Through the smoke and haze Simpson caught momentary glimpses of gaps where the massive iron stanchions had been blown away.

* * *

There was no way of telling whether the rails were intact: no way of knowing whether the bridge would hold the weight of the train.

"There's only one way to find out," Simpson told himself. "Here we go, Gallagher!"

Impulsively he gave a few defiant toots on the whistle as the train lumbered on to the bridge into the wall of smoke.

Timbers and supports groaned and creaked.

Where the sleepers had been burned the rails sagged beneath the locomotive. They splayed outwards, making the engine buck and slither.

The bridge groaned and rocked. Simpson could feel it swaying from side to side.

Yet it held.

* * *

Staff-Sergeant Simpson managed to deliver the supplies in time to give the brigade its "fighting chance."

That is why, to-day, he is the proud possessor of the Military Medal, with which he was decorated "in the field."

THE LAST LAUGH

D. B. (Glasgow).—"When I visit people I take care not to leave anything behind." Not even a good impression?

SERGT. M. (R.A.F.).—"As an air pilot, I much prefer to bomb by night than by day." You have a flare for it, we suppose?

F. B. (Frome). — "A lemon sucked near a man playing the bagpipes will make him stop." Fortunately, the fruit is becoming a little more plentiful.

G. P. (Hampstead).—"I see the leaves of the London plane trees are falling early this year." The German 'planes have been falling even earlier.

FIREMAN (Derby).—"Would you believe it, one lady suggested that what we need is exercise." And you told her that you had been out several nights running?

F. W. (London).—"The noise of air raid sirens always makes me jump. Do you think it makes the A.R.P. personnel jump, too?" It makes them jump to it.

A. P. (St. Albans). — "While walking in the woods a falling acorn injured my eye." A fluttering leaf can be even more dangerous when snatched from a table by an angry wife and hurled with accuracy.

VETERAN (Hayes).—"As I am too old for active service, I urgently want to assist in the war effort in some way. Can you suggest something?" Yes—stop writing to us so often and help alleviate the paper shortage!

R. B. (Leeds).—"There are said to be several cases in Berlin hospitals of men who have lost their memories." The remainder of the population remember what Goering said about no bombs ever dropping on Germany.

T. T. (Ilminster).—"When visiting a friend's cottage the other day I caught my head a terrific bang on a horse-shoe nailed over the door. It so confused me that I forgot to borrow a fiver from him." What do you think he nailed the horse-shoe up for?

L. W. (Yeovil).—"Do you sleep in your bed with the bombs dropping around?" No. Under it!

N. L. (Stevenage). — "Short-winded people usually talk a lot in their sleep." And long-winded ones in other people's.

C. H. (Devizes). — "When a criminal goes to prison for 20 years, what sort of a man will he be when he comes out?" A very much older one.

D. W. (Peterborough). — "Nobody loses anything by being polite." But there seems to be a lot of people who are afraid to take the risk.

D. N. (London, W.).—"I am a G.P.O. sorter, but in my spare time I have offered to keep goal for a well-known team." Between the posts, so to speak.

F. K. (Chippenham).—"I intended to go up to Town during August, but owing to war conditions I had to forgo it." Never mind, so did Hitler.

CHORUS GIRL (Clapham). — "What really annoyed me was the way the agent looked me over." You'd have been even more annoyed if he had overlooked you.

M. M. (Sandiacre).—"What, to your mind, are the ambitions of a normal man?" Well, we think he has two—one, to possess his own home; and the other to buy a car to get away from it.

FREDDIE (Hove).—"For the first time in my life I've met an intelligent girl—the other evening at a local affair." You mean a girl who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it?

R. L. (East Coast).—"The cellar in which I took shelter was almost like a prison cell, and my fears immediately vanished." One always feels better in the sort of place to which one is accustomed.

N. F. (Ware).—"Whilst helping to increase our food supply I have often been in some nasty positions, though my wounds have only amounted to scratches." What have you been doing—blackberrying?

COMEDIAN (Barnes).—"What do you think I said when I was fined for an uncensored gag?" This is no joke?

A. W. (Denbigh).—"Most masseurs seem to be pretty well off." They certainly live on the fat of the land.

T. S. (Wantage).—"My gas mask seems to get heavier and heavier the more I carry it." See letter below.

MRS. S. (Wantage).—"My husband went off to work this morning with the box I keep the electric iron in." See letter above.

W. M. (Colchester).—"A well-known broadcasting comedian is said to be very funny in private life." Well, that's something.

N. R. (Mossley).—"Burglars are generally very clean in their habits." And yet one seldom hears of one of them ever taking a bath.

L. V. (Haslemere).—"The doctor told me to keep off beer and wine, but he didn't mention spirits." And you asked no silly questions.

B. M. (Birtley).—"A man who tries to guide Nazi planes is obviously a traitor." Yet we have heard many staunch Englishmen tell them where to go!

M. T. (Dawlish).—"I find that if I can get warm I go to sleep these nights in spite of air raids. I wonder what the Germans do?" Stay awake and shiver.

D. B. (Atherstone).—"I have an umbrella that goes back to the Boer War." While other people have umbrellas that never go back even as far as their owners.

JACK (Birkenhead).—"I took my new girl friend out in my two-seater the other day. She knows nothing about cars." But she soon knew what you were driving at?

D. W. (Renfrew). — "A man claims to have invented an expanding shopping basket for women." He had better concentrate now on a similar sort of bank balance for men.

(Side-Slips : See page 17)

OLD BILL : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, that ought to blue pencil well teach yer not to come monkeyin' around 'ere with yer blue pencil Dornier flyin' blue pencil, or whatever it is"

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HERE'S a PAGE of ENTERTAINMENT and BIG PRIZES

£125 BULLETS 1ST PRIZE £20 £10

£500 30/- MONTHLY for LIFE PLUS £100

X WORD PENSION CASH £200

MUST BE WON—POST YOUR ENTRY on or before SAT. SEPT. 28

1,490 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

£100 First Prize—"Bullets" 1,236.

G. STEPHENSON, "Glenmore," Manor Rd., Beverley, Yorks.
Example: Round Our Shores
Bullet: Hitler's "Shadow"! Nelson's "Shade"!

£20 Second Prize:

M. H. HOOPER, East Hemstill Cottages, Sandford, Crediton, Devon.
Example: Sliding For Britain
Bullet: Rush—And Smarten, Fortunately.

£10 Third Prize:

V. WILSON, 68, Larch Road, Cricklewood, N.W.
Example: Savage
Bullet: Finding Islanders "Tough Meat."

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: E. Williams (Hall Porter), 26, Russell Square, W.C. Uncle Sam Knows—"Yankee Doodle" Freedom's Summons.

50s.: G. Hewlett, 25, West Street, St. Philips, Bristol. Round Our Shores—Beaches—And Dunkirk Heroes!

50s.: L. E. Gowing, Mellridge, 84, Glebelands Road, Prestwich, Manchester. On The Hearth—Britain's—Conscience "At Ease" (P.C.).

25s.: H. Shaw, 65, Ringstead Crescent, Sheffield. Flirting With Death—Pilots—"Spitfire" Your Pocket!

20s.: A. Watson, 27, The Green, Werrington, Peterborough: Goering's Armada—Seeking Factory—"Given Wheels"!

15s.: E. D. Veary, 7, Park View Gardens, Grays, Essex. Nearer To Our—Cliffs—And "Tumble," Hitler.

10s.: W. Harrow, 95, St. Oswald Gardens, Old Swan, Liverpool. Slithering Idiot—Attended Carnival As "Parachutist"!

6s.: Mrs. A. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester. Girl He Left Behind—Britannia, "Overlooking" Hitler, Here.

6s.: W. McGilchrist, 3, Elm Street, Glasgow. Girl He Left Behind—Italian Sailor Hails *Daily!*

3 Prizes of 4s.:
T. Helm, 27, Rosebank Road, Hawick, Scotland. "Up And At 'Em!"—My Words' Motto, Apparently!
P. Gee, "Elveden," 70, Broad Road, Sale, Manchester. Bad Aimed For The Butt, But—"Missed" Prize—Bit *Prize!*
H. Jones, 3, New Road, Seven Sisters, Neath. Goering's Armada—Losing Daily—Losing "Day."

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices. The letters "P.C." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on a Prize coupon.

RULES of these COMPETITIONS

'BULLETS' 1. First Print will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

X-WORDS Week-end Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided —fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, September 28.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./" and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided below. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—decisions will be based on answers of entrants.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 10: entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it: not more than one First or Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

84 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

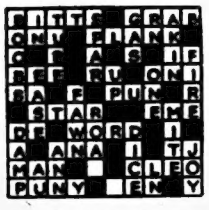
Result and Winning Square—X-Word No. 218.

The following two competitors share £150, each receiving £75 for set of most meritorious Answers seen in square on right.

T. J. HILL, 84, Kerslake Road, Liverpool.
H. LISTER (Mrs.), 84, Kerslake Road, Liverpool.

The £50 Runners-up Award has been divided between 2 entrants from whom we received entries with one less apt and accurate Answer than the best entries received. These winners will each receive £6 5s. 0d.

Surprise Awards will be sent to 74 entrants whose entries differed from the Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.



WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Slits. 4. Grab. 8. Flank. 9. Pen. 12. Star. 13. Word. 16. Pump. 17. Fun or Ten. Down—1. Beaks. 2. Tube. 3. Spar. 4. Gas. 5. Fire. 7. Fawn. 10. Road or Roam. 11. Rifle. 12. Dump. 14. Dice. 15. Jay.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square above. Blank spaces indicate that at those points PEN or TEN and ROAD or ROAM were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

WIN £125 FREE! If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

ACROSS CLUES

1. May be upset by postal delays, with bad effect on service
2. Conjurer is entertaining when he makes these vanish
4. The damage one causes is rarely disastrous
8. You may well get stung if you go in for such purchase
9. Pilots sometimes have to locate target in this
14. Can in most cases be checked by a kind of trap
15. When heavy electric cables are required, this must be allowed for
16. You may regret your generosity if you encourage a beggar and then find him this

DOWN CLUES

1. Might well be described as wooden, in some cases
2. You can tell at a glance whether one is badly worn
3. One is apt to get a bit chipped about
5. This may make one run
6. Fire Brigade is sometimes called to get people out of really dangerous ones
7. It's not so easy to get vast army landed in limited space of one
10. One can easily dye such material black
11. It takes someone skilled to produce a good one
12. You're naturally inclined to take a look at the letters you see in this
13. Married people are naturally irritable and quarrelsome if home life is this

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these 'EXAMPLES'

Working for Britain
Roar Of The Lion
Happy Days
Panic In Berlin
Carrying On
Success
Auntie's Dachshund
Worth Watching
Ordinary Folk
In Ruins

On Our Side
Murder
The Raiders Passed And
Spurned
Millions
Housewife's Job
Vital
Sonny's In Uniform, So
Tyranny
In Our First Aid Post

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Patriotic.....
Short Of.....
When Wifey .....
To Upset .....
Grannie's .....
Misleading .....

ENTRY FEE:— Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules) or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value £1 for entrants whose lots of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—Stick them to this form and enclose with "Bullets" or Crosswords.

Example .....
BULLET .....

Example .....
BULLET .....

Example .....
BULLET .....

Example .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O.... No.....
"BULLETS" No. 1240, Closing Postmark, SAT., SEPT. 28.

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

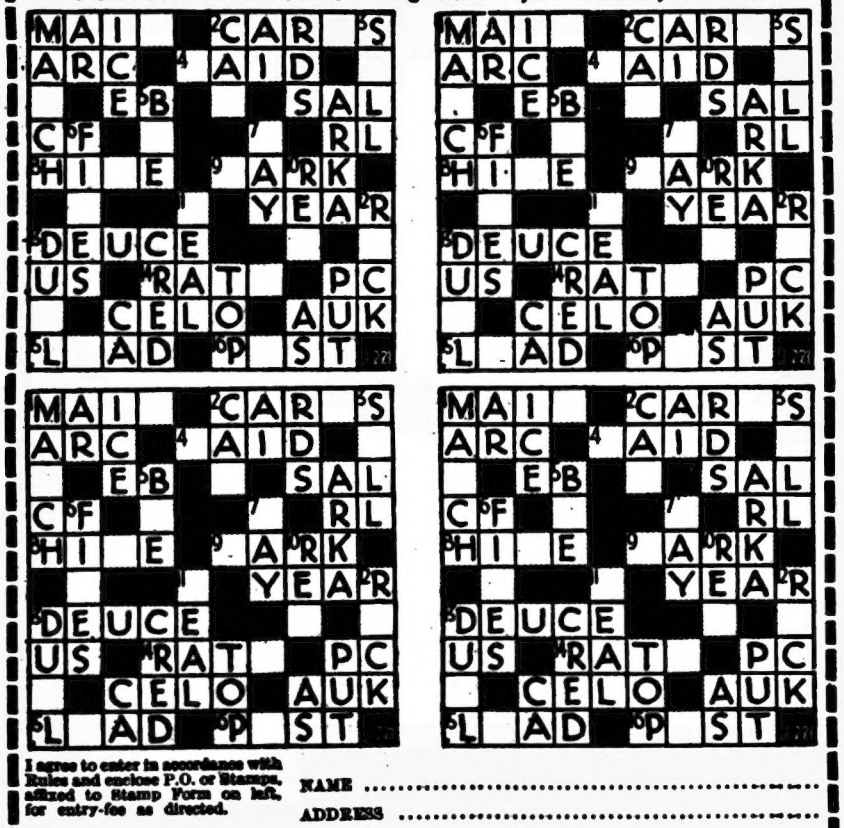
Remember to enclose your 'Bullets' ADDRESS LABEL from foot of X-word coupon.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY Bullets No. 1240 X-Word No. 221 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY SEND IN 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT

J.B. CROSSWORD No. 221. Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28.



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P.O. value.... No.....

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

GET YOUR 'GAZETTE' To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette of "Bullets" Bulletin dated October 12, you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1d. STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

ADDRESS LABEL

NAME .....
ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

Character!

This war is more than a challenge to our armed strength. It is a test of the Character of our people. It is the ultimate test of the courage, endurance and the spirit of sacrifice of a free nation as opposed to the despotism and dictatorship of our enemies.

The call has gone out for huge sums of money to help to win the war. The response has been good. But an even greater effort is needed. Here is a test of Character. To save more means sacrifice. It means giving up personal pleasures, it means confining ourselves to necessities, it means cutting out self-indulgence.

The people of this Country can do it—many are already doing it. They have dedicated themselves to a great Crusade. Every one of us must join them—*now.*

★ ★ ★

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Quick Relief from RHEUMATIC TWINGES

The fiery, piercing pain of Rheumatism is no respecter of times or seasons. It cripples you at unexpected, awkward moments. The agony when you try to bend, stoop or lift a limb makes the finest day a mockery.

Some Rheumatic sufferers go on like this year after year. Maybe they think there's no real relief. Perhaps they've tried so-called "remedies," and have vowed "never again!"

Fynnon Salt has stepped into first place as a remedy for Rheumatism because of its own remarkable records of relief from Rheumatic pain.

ENEMIES OF RHEUMATISM

Fynnon Salt is known widely as "The Spa Cure at Home." Why? Because it contains "Nature's Salts of the Earth" which wealthy sufferers seek at famous Spas. The elements of sodium, potassium and lithium combined in Fynnon Salt are Rheumatism's deadliest enemies. Uric Acid cannot stay in your system when Fynnon Salt courses healthfully through your body. The painful pointed uric acid crystals break up, dissolve, flow for ever away taking with them all the poisons that have caused them.

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Don't wait, try Fynnon Salt *to-day.*

Large tin 1/3. New Trial Size 6d.

FYNNON SALT the Spa Cure at Home

Aren't You *Tired* of Constant

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INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
ACIDITY
HEARTBURN
FLATULENCE
STOMACH PAIN
ULCERATON

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Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists 1/3, 2/-, 5/- per bottle

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets In Handy Pocket Tins 6d. In Bottles 1/3 and 2/-

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